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EGYPT, ASSYRIA, AND THE BIBLE.

BY PROFESSOR E. A. LEPPITT.

WHAT three words in sacred or profane history call up such a crowd of associations as Egypt, Assyria, and the Bible? Egypt, the cradle of learning; a mighty nation when Abraham was an exile and Jacob a wanderer; great when Joseph was a slave and Moses an infant exposed to death; whose monuments to-day, the wonder and admiration of the world, attest her greatness and power, pointing back to a period anterior to the birth of Grecian civilization and Roman dominion! Egypt, in her prowess and power, in her magnificence and wealth, stands out like her own pyramids, with a boldness of outline that has made her the wonder of ages. Assyria, the birthplace of the race, where the garden was planted in beauty, and seraph wings in downward flight scattered heavenly fragrance; the home of mighty cities and powerful nations, whose kings have often desolated Judea, desecrated the temple of God, and felt the avenging hand of Jehovah; where the ark bore its precious burden above a submerged world, and where Noah built his altar of sacrifice spanned by the bow of the covenant! But the Bible is more wonderful than either. Those are in ruins; this survives the wreck of ages, a monument rivaling Egypt's mighty works. Little did the haughty king imagine that the history of his power and greatness should alone be preserved by the records of his despised slaves. Yet so it is. Egyptian history begins on that dark night, when, from their homes in Goshen, the persecuted people of God took their way toward the Red Sea. Assyria rises up from her shroud of death, where she has long slumbered, and Egypt lives in the ruins of her former power, crumbled by the lapse of ages, and shattered by the shock of war; but the Bible is as fresh and undimmed by the passage of time

and the change of nations as when it was given from the Mount, or laid up in the Temple.

The Egyptians were the most zealous race of writers that ever lived. Their homes, their temples, their furniture, even their tombs are covered with historic inscriptions, and yet, strange as it may seem, no history of their nation has come down to us, and all that was known to us previous to the reading of the inscriptions on the monuments was gathered from other sources. Clemens, of Alexandria, who lived about 200 A. D., writes more fully of the ancient Egyptians, and of their language, than any other person. He speaks of ancient Egyptian books, called the "Sacred Books," and consisting of forty volumes. Of these only one is extant, which is called the "Book of the Dead," describing the rites and ceremonies for the burial of the dead. A proof of its great antiquity is in the fact that it is written with the same character as the inscriptions upon the oldest monuments.

There is another important work written by Manetho, in the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus, about 180 B. C. The original was in three volumes, and contained the history of the ancient kings and their succession. This work has been lost, but large parts of it are quoted by Josephus, Eusebius, and others.

The oldest historian, however, who has written concerning Egypt is Herodotus, the father of Grecian history. Having been expelled from his native country for some offense, he traveled extensively, and spent, during the time, a year in Egypt. The second book of his history is devoted to Egypt, detailing something of its history, and the manners and customs of the people. His knowledge was chiefly derived from the priests, and is not always trustworthy. Herodotus lived 484 B. C. Diodorus Siculus, also a Greek historian, visited Egypt about 58 B. C., and has written largely upon Egyptian history; but he is not

considered as good authority as Herodotus. These comprise all the ancient writings now extant concerning the ancient Egyptians. For the remainder of its history we must apply to the monuments.

The line of succession in the kings of Egypt, as given by Manetho, was corroborated by a slab of stone dug out of the ruins of a temple just above Abydos, which formed part of the vestibule. It is called the "Tablet of Abydos," and is now in the British Museum. Although fragmentary, it contains a series of rings inclosing the names of a long line of Egyptian kings, mostly agreeing with the names of Manetho.

Before going further, it may be interesting to notice the character of the inscriptions upon the monuments of Egypt. It had long been supposed by scholars that the characters cut in the walls of the temples and houses were real historic records; but no Daniel could be found to read the "handwriting upon the wall." It was not till the time of Napoleon's great expedition into Egypt that any approach was made to the true reading of the hieroglyphics. That expedition was accompanied by a corps of the most learned men in France, and in their survey of the ruins of the Nile they took copies of the inscriptions, and these were sent to the various learned societies of Europe. A new and increased interest was felt in trying to find the key of these hidden treasures. The first step toward the accomplishment of this object was the satisfactory proof obtained, that the Coptic was the language of the ancient Egyptians. Soon after Young discovered that the characters were not entirely pictorial or symbolical, but alphabetical in their nature, representing Coptic words. The fortunate discovery of the Rosetta Stone, which contained an inscription in three forms, the hieroglyphic, demotic, and Greek, and the rise of Champollion le Jeune, crowned with success the long and patient labors of many renowned scholars. Egypt is no longer a sealed record.

As one of the first fruits of this discovery the claims of certain French infidels were hushed. At Dendera is a temple, having beautifully represented upon its ceiling the zodiac, which was declared to be four thousand years old. But the reading of the inscriptions upon it showed that it was built in the time of Augustus. Another temple at Esneh was declared to be not less than seventeen thousand years old, but it was found to have been built in the time of Antoninus, about 140 A. D. And so each succeeding year and each fresh discovery have but increased the proofs of the verity of Scripture history.

Pictorial writing seems to be the earliest that prevails in any semi-barbarous nation. It was used by the aboriginals of this country. Pictorial epistles were sent to Montezuma to apprise him of the landing and approach of the bold invader.

Such, undoubtedly, was the original form of the Egyptian hieroglyphics, becoming more and more symbolical and alphabetic in their nature, till all similarity to the original was nearly lost, and the character became merely an arbitrary sign. The hieroglyphical language takes the form of some object to represent the initial sound of the Coptic word, which is the name of that animal: as in our language, a lion would stand for L, a boat for B, a church for C, etc. As several words began with the same letter, so there would very naturally happen to be ten objects representing the same letter. These homophones, however, were limited in number. In accordance with all the Shemitic languages the vowels were not written, but only the consonants. The following illustration, copied from Gliddon, will give a general idea of hieroglyphical writing.

Take the word America, and a column of figures of the following objects would represent the word:

A an asp, symbolic of sovereignty.

M a mace, indicative of military dominion.

E an eagle, the national arms—courage.

R a ram, denoting frontal power—intellect.

I an infant, typifying the juvenile age of our country.

C a cake or consecrated wafer, symbolical of a civilized region.

A an anchor, denoting commerce.

Underneath these figures would be a waved line, denoting a country. This is called a determinate, and some sign is always affixed to these words, denoting the class. These would have been the symbols for America if all the letters had been used; but omitting the vowels, and M R C would be the country of America.

In time only an outline or a part of the object would be used, instead of a minute representation of the object, and this abridging continued till arbitrary characters were formed, bearing little resemblance to the originals. Thus two other forms of writing were derived from the hieroglyphic, the *hieratic*, or priestly, and the *enchorial*, or *demotic*, or popular language of a later date.

The traveler in Egypt is struck with wonder, not only at the titanic character of the ruins, but still more, if possible, at their wonderful preservation. The architecture looks as fresh as if just from the hand of the artisan. Some unfinished

blocks in the quarries at Syene look as if the workmen had just left their work, so fresh are the marks of their tools, and yet two thousand years have nearly rolled away since the sound of the hammer ceased. There are temples that have been roofless for centuries, with the paintings as fresh upon the walls as if but just executed. An obelisk, that had stood undecayed and undecaying in Egypt for ages, upon its removal to Paris began to decay so fast that government was obliged to coat it with a preparation of India Rubber to protect it from the ravages of the climate. This wonderful preservation is due to the exceeding dryness of the air. A long and narrow strip of land situated between two deserts, Egypt is never wet by fertilizing showers, but owes its fertility to the annual overflowings of the Nile, the adored river-god of the Pharaohs.

The melting of the snow on the mountains of central Africa causes the river to begin to rise about the twenty-first of June. In July it overflows, and subsides in September. A rich deposit of mud is left, and ere the waters subside the husbandman wades over the ground and sows his seed upon the waters, which, as the waters subside, is deposited in the mud, springs up and bears fruit. Hence that beautiful figure, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and after many days thou shalt find it again."

The ruins of Egypt lie scattered along both banks of the Nile, and a voyage up this magnificent stream is one of the most delightful in the world. The clear sky, the pure, dry air, the waving palms, and the oriental character of the whole scene, while the mud huts of the Arabs, mingling with the mighty ruins of the past, so captivate the senses that it seems more the dream from some Arabian Night's Entertainment than a real voyage. There are some drawbacks, however, to the charms. One traveler relates that one night he encamped upon its banks, but could not sleep from the swarms of flies which tormented him. Rising from his couch, restless and nervous, he beheld his tent floor covered with toads. He proceeded forthwith to eject more than sixty from his door. Just as he was again about to lie down he espied in a corner a large toad, which, with imperturbable gravity, winked and snapped his jaws, each time taking captive a fly. Thereupon he arose, and driving the whole sixty toads back into his tent sought sleep once more.

The ruins are chiefly of stone, and consist of pyramids, obelisks, temples, and tombs. These are covered with inscriptions and scenes representing nearly all the manners and customs of

the people. The temples were colossal in their structure. Long avenues of sphinxes lead to gigantic gateways or propylæa opening into vast halls, whose roofs were supported by rows of columns, sometimes sixty feet high. The walls and gateways, and even the columns, are covered with a multitude of inscriptions and pictures, recording the achievements of their kingly builders. Here a king is seen dragging along captives taken in some war—the distinctions of race are clearly marked in the figures. Accompanying him are men bearing spoils and leading animals peculiar to the captured country. The name and date are written above. "We have here the art of writing as a familiar practice, in the scribes who are numbering stores on every hand. There are ships which would look handsome in Southampton water any sunny day. There are glass-blowers who might be from Newcastle, but for their dress and complexion. There are flax-dressers, spinners, weavers, and a production of cloth, which an English manufacturer would study with interest. There are potters, painters, carpenters, and statuaries. The hunters employ arrows, spears, and the lasso. The lasso is as evident as on the Pampas at this day. There is the bastinado for the men and the flogging of a seated woman. Nothing is more extraordinary than the gymnastics and other games of the women. The great men are attended by dwarfs and buffoons, as in a later age; and it is clear that bodily infirmity was treated with contempt, deformed and decrepit persons appearing in the discharge of the meanest offices. It was an age when this might be looked for; when war would be the most promising occupation, and wrestling the prevailing sport, and probably also the discipline of the soldiery; and when hunting, fishing, and fowling would be very important pursuits. But, then, what a power of representation of these things is here! and what luxury coexisting with these pursuits! Here are harpers, with their harps of seven strings; and garments and boat-sails with elegant patterns and borders, where, by the way, angular and regular figures are pointedly preferred; and the ladies' hair, disordered and flying about in their sports, has tails or tassels, very like what may have been seen in London drawing-rooms in no remote times. The incident which most reminds one of the antiquity of these paintings is, that the name of bird, beast, fish, or artificer is written up over the object delineated."

Miss Martineau.

This was the condition of Egypt and the state of the people when the "father of the faithful" visited the country.

The Bible does not need the testimony of the Egyptian records to substantiate its claims. It rests upon an impregnable fortress of evidence peculiarly its own, and convincing to every one who carefully examines it. But the unscrupulous assertions of certain infidels, who are continually crying out that the discoveries in Egypt have contradicted the truth of the Bible, demands that the true state of the case be presented. There is some dispute, it is true, about some points in chronology, but this does not invalidate the credibility of the occurrence of the event, since time is not an essential element in the consideration of the facts of the Bible. So in profane history, a wrong date does not lead us to deny the actual occurrence of the event recorded. But while there is this slight difficulty, the discoveries of Egypt and Assyria have added greatly to the means of illustrating the manners of the people who lived at that time, as well as corroborating many important historical facts. We will commence these illustrations by

THE LIFE OF ABRAHAM.

It is in the person of this great patriarch that we are first brought in connection with Egyptian history. At the command of God he had left Ur, the land of the Chaldeans, and wandering, he knew not whither, he was divinely directed to the land of Canaan, the promised inheritance of his seed. Here we find him a pastoral chief of great substance and renown. At length a famine arose in Palestine, and he was compelled to go down to Egypt to obtain food for his household and flocks. But as he came near the confines of the country he became not a little anxious on account of Sarah, who, although sixty-five years old, was still sufficiently beautiful to be desired by the princes of Egypt, and thereby endangering the life of her husband. Therefore, he persuaded her to pass as his sister during their sojourn in that country. What he feared really came to pass; for the princes of Pharaoh saw her that she was very fair, and reported her to their royal master, who took her to his harem, conferring upon Abraham gifts of "sheep, and oxen, and he asses, and men-servants, and maid-servants, and she asses, and camels." But God interfered and acquainted Pharaoh with the true relation of Sarah to Abraham, by which he restored her with a mild reproof, and sent them away. Now, in this simple narrative there are certain facts stated which the monumental records attest to be true.

1. Egypt was then a powerful nation.

That such was the case the dates and inscriptions on the ruins amply testify. Whatever dif-

ference of opinion may exist as to the chronological arrangements of dynasties and reigns, it is certain that Egypt then exhibited "indubitable evidences of mighty genius, abundant wealth, and great cultivation. At that period Thebes was the capital of a district to which it gave its name. The great temple of Karnack was completed in all its majesty and glory. The caves of Beni-Hassan, with their beautiful and elegant catacombs, displaying, even to this day, the most perfect architectural symmetry and arrangement, and ornamented throughout with colored figures and devices, had been excavated and finished. Heliopolis was also founded about this time, and its splendid obelisk, made out of a single block of granite, and covered with the most exquisitely sculptured hieroglyphics, had already been raised. Such works prove the power, wealth, and energy of Egypt, and attest the existence of art and science in great perfection."—*Sacred Annals*.

2. The kings of Egypt bore the title of Pharaoh at that time.

Pharaoh is a misinterpretation of the Hebrew word Phrah. It was used sometimes as a proper name; sometimes the title "king of Egypt" is added; and sometimes the real name is given, as Phrah Necho, Phrah Hophra. It is a Coptic word, and signifies the sun, and is often represented on the monuments, written over the royal banners of some king, by the hawk, the winged globe, and sun, all emblematic of regal power. For as the sun is the ruler of all lesser lights, so in the king was to be found the source of all wisdom and power. The monuments, therefore, fully sustain the assertion of the Bible, that the kings of Egypt, from the earliest ages, were known by the title of Pharaoh.

3. Slavery existed in Egypt at that time.

The oldest monuments contain representations of slaves. Indeed, it would be difficult to find any nation, in early times, where slavery did not exist. They were generally captives taken in war. They were both black and white, and they were found in the houses of the priests as well as of the military chiefs. The traffic in slaves was tolerated by the Egyptians, and many persons were engaged in bringing them for sale, as at present. It was a common custom of those days. Joseph was sold to Potiphar; the Jews had their bondsmen bought with money—Lev. xxv, 44—the Phœnicians, who traded in slaves, sold "the children of Judah and Jerusalem" to the Greeks—Amos iii, 6—and the people of Caucasus sent their boys and girls to Persia, as the modern Circassians do to that country and Turkey—Herod. iii, 97.

The power of the master over the slave seems to have been absolute in some cases, even over life and death. Nevertheless, they were generally treated kindly, and looked upon more as members of the family than as menials. Taylor says "that we find from the monuments that the mistress of a mansion was very rigid in enforcing her authority over her female domestics. We see these unfortunate beings trembling and cringing before their superiors, beaten with rods by the overseers, and sometimes threatened with a whip wielded by the lady of the mansion herself." In other instances, however, they were much better treated, and an affectionate relation seems to exist between the mistress and her slaves. In a tomb at Thebes there is a representation of a lady attended by her slaves, between whom there appears to be very great mutual regard. The children of these slaves followed the condition of the father, and, unlike the custom in America, became members of the family and heirs to the inheritance.

4. There was famine in Canaan but plenty in Egypt.

Though there is no monumental proof of this proposition, there is abundant proof derived from the character of the two countries. Canaan is a mountainous region—a region of sunshine and showers, and thus subject, like all other like countries, to long seasons of dry weather. But Egypt is not dependent upon rain for her fertility, but upon the annual overflow of the Nile. That Palestine has been accustomed to long famines we learn from the history of the past, while Egypt very seldom suffers from such a calamity. The fact, then, is in harmony with the natural phenomena of the countries and with the observation of the past.

5. Sarah was fair, and was unveiled.

When we remember the present rigid and universal practice of the east, and also that these customs have prevailed from the very earliest times, the assertion that Sarah was unveiled will appear quite remarkable. Sarah was from Mesopotamia, where the people were of a light complexion, while the Egyptians, though not as dark as the Ethiopians, were, as we learn from the monuments, of a tawny color, beside whom Sarah would be said to be "very fair." That she was not veiled appears from the fact, that the princes of Pharaoh saw her and reported her beauty to the king. From the earliest times the women were accustomed to be veiled. How happens it then that Sarah was not veiled in Egypt? The monuments answer by showing incontestably that the ancient Egyptians did not follow this custom,

and thus substantiates the sacred narrative. The custom of wearing the veil did not prevail in Egypt till after the conquest of that country by the Persians. Greater freedom and equality was enjoyed by the Egyptian women than by those of any other nation. They are represented on the monuments as mingling, without restraint, with the men in all social and domestic affairs, as in our own land. This seems a proper place to say something of the manners and customs of the Egyptian ladies as represented on the monuments.

It is a little strange the most important ceremony to young ladies, namely, marriage, is nowhere represented on the monuments. But Diodorus Siculus says, that they obtained greater authority than has been accorded them in most nations. It was even inserted in the marriage contract that the man was to obey the wife, who was to have the control of all the important affairs of the household. But though Diodorus is not always to be trusted, we know that the women were intrusted with the highest authority, even ascending the throne, as in those modern countries where the Salic law has not been introduced. Their occupations varied with their sphere of life. Among the pastoral tribes the women tended the sheep, and made the tent cloth, and performed most of the menial services. The peasants did all the labor of the field, tilling the ground, carrying burdens upon their heads, and going to market. Among the higher classes the woman was equal with her lord. Here she is represented as weaving, spinning, and engaged in embroidery. She attended public feasts with her husband, and not alone, as is the custom among the Moslem women. They are represented at the feasts as sitting with the men promiscuously or in little groups by themselves, eagerly engaged in conversation. "Nor were married people afraid of sitting together, and no idea of their having enough of each other's society made it necessary to divide them. In short, they shared the same chair at home, at a party, and even in their tomb, where sculpture grouped them together. The master and mistress accordingly sat together at a party on a large fauteuil, and each guest, as he arrived, walked up and received their welcome. The musicians and the dancers hired for the occasion also did obeisance to them before they began their part. To the leg of the fauteuil was tied a favorite dog, monkey, or gazelle, or some other favorite pet, and a young child was permitted to sit upon the ground, or on its father's knee."

"In the mean time the conversation became animated, especially in those parts of the room

where the women were grouped together, and the numerous subjects that occurred to them were fluently discussed. Among these the question of dress was not forgotten, and the patterns or the value of the trinkets were examined with proportionate interest. The maker of an earring, or the shop where it was purchased, was anxiously inquired; each compared the workmanship, the style, and the materials of those she wore; coveted her neighbor's or preferred her own; and women of every class vied with each other in the display of 'jewels of silver and jewels of gold,' in the texture of their 'raiment,' the neatness of their sandals, and the arrangement or beauty of their plaited hair."—*Wilkinson*.

Indeed, the entire list of ornaments, as described by Isaiah iii, 18-23, can be made out from the monuments: "The bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls, and their round tires, like the moon; the chains, and the bracelets, and the mufflers; the bonnets, and the ornaments of the legs, and the head-bands, and the tablets, and the earrings; the rings and nose-jewels, the changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles, and the wimples, and the crisping-pins; the glasses, and the fine linen, and the hoods, and the vails."

I am sorry to say the women are never represented as writing or reading, and hence we presume they had no very decided literary taste. All these scenes remind us of the advanced civilization of the Egyptians and their high social refinements.

Herodotus states that the Egyptians could take only one wife, and hence an objection has been raised to the statement, that Pharaoh took Sarah to his harem. The statement of Herodotus is doubtless true; but while each man was allowed only one wife he was not restricted to the number of concubines he might take to his harem. These held a subordinate position to one who was known as the wife or mistress of the mansion. It was to introduce her into his harem that Pharaoh took Sarah; and such liberty we know was in perfect accordance with eastern customs and despotic authority. The whole scene is perfectly oriental in character, and the conduct of Abraham in this case, contrasted with his equal bearing with the kings of Canaan, indicates the power and greatness of the Egyptian nation.

6. The gifts.

These gifts are stated to be sheep and oxen, asses and camels, besides slaves. A recent writer has objected that some of these animals were unknown in Egypt, while the horse, which was abundant, is not mentioned. But more extensive

observation of the ruins has shown, by numerous representations, that these were all abundant in ancient Egypt except the camel. No representation of the camel has been found upon the monuments. But we know that it was possessed by neighboring states, and hence the probability, at least, that the king would possess them. In regard to the horse there are a great many representations of them on the monuments, chiefly used for war. Only one representation of a person on horseback has been found. Although horses were thus abundant in Egypt, we know that they were not introduced among the Israelites till the time of the kings, and were not used in peace or war in the time of Joshua. How unlikely, then, that they would be used in the simple pastoral times of Abraham. Hence, the omission of horses rather goes to show the authenticity of the sacred record: since any one writing the history later than the kings would have been likely to mention horses among the gifts, which would have been altogether useless to Abraham.

It has been supposed by some that Hagar was one of the maid-servants which Abraham received at that time. If so, the Egyptians must have held some of their own nation in servitude; and this conclusion is sustained by the representations upon the monuments.

Thus we see that modern discovery has but strengthened the proof of the authenticity of the sacred record in relating this episode in the life of Abraham.

THE MISSIONARY'S WIFE.

THERE is something exceedingly interesting in a missionary's wife. She who has been cherished as a plant that the winds must not breathe on too rudely, recovers from a separation from her friends to find herself in a land of barbarians, where her loud cry of distress can never reach their ears. New ties twine round her heart, and the tender and helpless girl changes her very nature, and becomes the staff and support of the man. In his hours of despondency she raises his drooping spirits: she bathes his aching head, and smooths his pillow of sickness. I have entered her dwelling, and have been welcome as a brother; sometimes, when I have known any of her friends at home, I have been for a moment more than recompensed for all the toils and privations of a traveler in the east. And when I left her dwelling it was with a mind burdened with remembrances to friends whom she will perhaps never see again.

IN MEMORY.

ON THE DEATH OF OTWAY CURREY.

BY COATES-KINNEY.

From Mexic and Floridian climes,
Up Mississippi's track,
Home to Ohio's vernal vales
The spring birds warble back;
Not merrily the plump flocks,
But solemnly this year;
For grass is sprouting on the grave
Of him who loved them here.

Ne'er in the season of the buds,
Or blooms, or leaves, or fruits,
Shall they again his presence hail
With their melodious flutes:
Death froze him when the brooklet froze,
Pining for him and them—
But, melted now to gurgling sobs,
Rippling his requiem!

Young Nature dons her gown of green,
And blossoms into smiles;
Yet very mournful is her heart
These merry April whites;
For the poet who so loved her,
And so homed with her recluse,
Has ended life's hard battle here
By death's eternal truce.

It is a weary, weary world
To him whose aim is high—
Strained tiptoe toward the stars, without
The angel wings to fly!

But, nestled in this narrow life,
The soul, here blind and bare,
Nurtured and brooded o'er by Faith,
Shall fledge to angel there.

Unsmitten with this noisy fame
Which elbows through the throng,
He kept climbing up to heaven
On the ladder of his song:
The ladder he has left for us—
And this his fame sublime,
To help man heavenward upon
The golden rounds of rhyme.

Like midnight thunder on the hills,
Some flashing lives go out,
And leave the jarred world blind and mazed
In wonder and in doubt;
But he departed like the eve,
Flocked after by the stars;
The starshine of his memory
No cloud of envy mars.

Ohio ne'er has lost a son
More worthy her regret;
The west has comets yet of song—
Her planet, though, has set;
Our country weakens with the want
Of good, true men like him,
To guard her tree of liberty,
Like Eden's cherubim.

Earth, through her thousand million men,
May search the centuries,
Nor find a burning soul lived forth
More holily than his:
His pure life reached up into heaven,
And plucked its beauties down—
Which death has gathered back again,
To make his glory-crown.

PHANTOM BUILDING.

BY ELIZABETH C. WRIGHT.

A FOOTSTEP in the dust we trace,
And then, of him whose step was there,
We build above that lowly place
A phantom figure in the air.

Lorn Crusoe saw a shadow host
Hold savage orgies on the strand,
Because upon that barren coast
A human footstep pressed the sand.

The Arab bites his wordless lip
To see an armed train pass by,
When naught of barb or "desert ship,"
Save footprints meets his searching eye.

We see a dead stalk on a wall,
And suddenly to golden bloom
There bursts through every death-spell's thrall,
The wall-flower's phantom o'er its tomb.

A snowless winter walk we take,
Through some deserted graveyard old,
Where 'neath our feet the scentless brake
And grass lie withered, brown, and cold.

Their rustling crush recalls their past,
Like magic life-word to them spoke;
Their brown arms up toward heav'n they cast;
Their win'try doom of thralldom broke.

Up from the dull and frozen mold,
Transfigured springs the fragrant fern,
And awaying grass and daisies bold
Smile round each solemn gravestone's urn.

We pass. Some trailing brambles clasp
Fast to our skirts with hooked thorn;
We stoop to loose this tightening grasp
Of stems, of life and verdure shorn.

We cast the rough incumbrance down,
When, full-leaved, up before us rise,
With berries bowed, these briers brown,
Grown green and strong before our eyes.

Can summer skies melt bonds of death
With surer skill than this we share?
Dare magic words in whispered breath,
Evoke more phantoms than we dare?

What matter for the driving storms—
The drifting snows—life's win'trier parts;
While in us live all glowing forms—
Creative summer, in our hearts?

WE'RE ALL COMING.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"AND now it is at last really settled. Elder Green told me so this very afternoon, with a twinkle of unusual satisfaction in his eyes. You may depend upon it, he's at the bottom of the whole thing, Maggie."

"Of course he is. But just to think of it, papa, we are actually to have a 'donation.' There'll be pyramids of biscuit, and piles of apples, and mountains of cake, and mole-hills of jellies, and lots of other good things. Won't we have a nice time, though?" and Maggie Hiller drew her stool closer to her father's feet, and lifted her sweet face to the one that gazed down fondly upon her. It was a great pity there was no artist looking into the front window of the little parsonage parlor just at that moment. He might have bequeathed such a sweet picture of the past to us. The room alone would have been this, with the great, old-fashioned fireplace, where the flames rolled in large, golden billows about the huge logs, piled on a pair of burnished andirons that must have been cast in the very same pattern Ben Taylor discourses so charmingly about; there, too, was the large, old clock, set in one corner, its top reaching within a half inch of the ceiling, and the high-back chairs, and the low mantle, and the striped carpet would have been carved in all our memories—a sweet, domestic vision of the olden time.

But parson Hiller and his fair child, Maggie, were, after all, the finishing touch of that home tableau. He sat there, the very incarnation of an old Puritan minister, straight, and calm, and stern, with the flame-light rolling over his broad forehead and twisting itself among the hairs that hung about it, white as mountain snows, forming such a picturesque contrast to the brown locks upon which his hand was laid so tenderly.

No body called Maggie Hiller handsome, but there were times, and this was one of them, when she was very beautiful. Those plaits of rich hair, gathered back from either cheek, the smiling mouth, with its twin dimples, and those clear, hazel eyes, filled with the light of a heart in the freshness of its nineteenth summer, made Maggie her mother's child, and so doubly the parson's darling, for he was a widower.

"Well done, my child, your imagination has certainly run wild and flowered about donation-time. How are you certain, my little Maggie, that you are not counting too largely upon our good friends' purses and pantries?" and the light in that stern face was beautiful as it bent over the girl's.

"No, indeed, papa. People always expect to be generous at donations. Beside, I remember our last one—don't I, though? It was nine years ago, and I verily believe I did nothing for a month afterward but look at the presents I received, and show them to mamma and—" the young girl caught her breath as though some word were trembling on her lip which it were sin or shame to utter; a sudden shadow struck off all the sparkling from her face, and heavy tears gathered in her eyes. "O, papa, don't you remember?" and there was a sob behind every word. "She was there then, and—and, O, I must speak it, so was Ralph!" She groaned rather than spoke the name, burying her face in the hands that were clasped on her father's knee, while her whole frame shook like a frightened child's.

Parson Hiller sprang to his feet as a man does when he is suddenly stung. His face was very white, and its expression of displeasure almost fearful, as he looked down on the trembling girl. "Margaret, how dare you! have I not said that his name—"

"I know it, father." She had gained courage now and lifted her head, though it seemed as if a stronger spirit than hers would have quailed before that stern rebuke. "I know it, father, and O, forgive me, for I couldn't help it; it has lain so long a burning and a pain at my heart, that at last it would find its way over my lips. O Ralph, my brother!"

That cry! it would have melted a heart of stone to hear it. It was so full of deep, undying tenderness, and yet so much grief wailed through it.

It must have smote heavily upon the pastor's heart, for his face waxed paler, and the muscles round his strong mouth quivered a little, but this time he did not speak.

A moment later and a pair of soft, cool fingers were twisted among the minister's, and a low voice was saying pleadingly, "You won't be angry with me, will you, papa? Now I am all you have to love, too. And I can't help thinking of him, for O he is my brother that I played with under the shadow of the chestnut-trees out yonder; the brother by whose side I have walked so many times through the clover meadows to school; the brother that I loved so dearly!"

"How proud we all were of him, too, don't you remember, papa? and how generous and noble-hearted he was, though I know he was rash and wayward at times."

"How mamma used to love him, too, almost better than she did me, I believe, because he had

your own gray eyes and broad, high forehead! I can see her now watching him when we sat down in the evening by her side, till her eyes grew moist with pride and tenderness, and she would bend down and kiss his cheek and say, 'Ralph, my boy, you are your father, every inch of you.'

"O it does my heart so much good to speak his name again, papa! It will ease yours, too. Let us sit down here and talk about him and the old time," and very gently she tried to draw him back to the arm-chair.

Many changes had passed over parson Hiller's face while his child was speaking, and once or twice he had opened his lips to check her; but the pleading of her eyes was so like a pair that were lying under the snow that the words had died on his lips. But when Maggie would have drawn him to the chair he refused to follow her, and spoke—his voice trembled at first, but it grew strong and stern as he proceeded.

"My child, you have to-night violated the most positive command I ever laid upon you. But I know it was the love for him which you could not stifle that caused you to do this, and so, greatly as you have offended, I forgive you. But never, never again ask me to talk of him. He was my child once, but he has never been so since that hour when I turned him from my doors. I talk of him! and what shall I say except to denounce him? Disobedient and reprobate, ay, worse, a thief and a murderer!"

"It may seem harsh to you, Maggie," continued the parson, for he had heard the low cry that broke from the white lips of his child, "but it is nevertheless true"—he paced up and down the room with strangely agitated steps, and his white hairs shone mournfully in the firelight. "I did not forget that I was a father till duty compelled me. 'Acknowledge your fault and I will forgive it,' I said when he came home and I knew the extent of his crime.

"You know how he forgot that I was his parent and answered me. Then I did what the word of God and my duty to my fellow-men demanded.

"And he went out from us, and a curse is upon his head, for he broke his mother's heart. He laid her," and here the stern voice grew tremulous as an infant's, "before her hairs were gray, and while her life was in its prime, in the bed where she lies to-night.

"And if he should dare to darken my doors again, I would point him to that grave, and say as I said then, 'Go!'

"No, no, papa, you wouldn't—you couldn't!" Maggie sprang suddenly before him, and she

looked almost like one inspired as the light of her soul broke into her face. "You couldn't say the word to him when you knew all the time that mother was looking down on you from heaven, and that if she could speak she would bid you 'stop.'

"Remember, John," she would say, that sainted mother, 'he is our boy, our first-born, the child over whose cradle we have watched together, and over whom we have said so many prayers.'

"O papa," and the poetry in the girl's nature sprang unconsciously to her lips, "ceasing for a moment the great halleluiah of the just made perfect, my mother bends down and whispers from beyond the stars, 'Forgive him for my sake, John, forgive him.'"

And it seemed to the parson—as he looked on the face of his child, wrapped over, as it was, with the light of her spirit—that an angel was speaking; that the voice of his dead wife was calling him.

He sank down and buried his face in his hands; the great deeps of his heart were at last broken up, and the tears trickled through his fingers.

* * * *

It is a sad story, and our pen can not linger over it.

Enough that in his boyhood Ralph Hiller's impulsive, headstrong nature was always coming in collision with the sternest, harshest points of his father's character.

It was a great misfortune, but the two never understood each other. Parson Hiller was a good parent and a Christian, but he was a lineal descendant of the old Massachusetts Puritans, and his high-toned love for right and justice, his calm, rigid, inflexible nature was one which the milder social atmosphere of his own times could not modify, for they were his birthright.

Ralph Hiller left home at eighteen. With all his faults there were many rich veins in his ardent, impulsive nature; but if his father's regimen had been too severe, that of his gentle mother had been too indulgent, and so neither had succeeded in harmonizing the discordant elements of his character.

A few words will tell the rest. He entered the large mercantile house of his uncle in New York. The relaxation of all parental discipline proved too sudden, for Ralph was unacquainted with the world, and his country life had little fitted him to be his own master. It is the old story—he was decoyed into a gambling saloon, induced to drink freely, and finally to play. Of course he was at first successful, and this prompted him to stake larger sums of money. Then the

tide turned, and one night Ralph Hiller rushed out madly from the gambling saloon, for he was in debt five hundred dollars. A few days of unmitigated misery went by, and the wretched youth discovered there was no method of escaping detection but by defraying this debt.

There was but one way to do this. "It will not be robbery," whispered the tempter in Ralph Hiller's ear, for you can win back the money and refund it to your uncle. But he was not so successful as he had anticipated, and the theft was discovered.

For the sake of both families Ralph's uncle would not give his nephew's crime publicity, but accompanied him home and there revealed to his horrified parents the deed their son had committed. Stung to incipient madness by the stern reproaches of his father, Ralph Hiller refused to solicit even the forgiveness of his uncle.

There was a fearful scene that fair June morning in the parlor of the parsonage, with the harsh commands of the father, the vehement refusals of the son, added to the tears of the distracted mother, and those of the little Maggie. At last, finding his son inflexible, parson Hiller spoke clear and slow, "Ralph, yield at once to my commands or go out of that door no longer a child of mine!" And Ralph went.

"Sir, is there no hope?" and the sick man turned and fastened his eyes with such wild appealing eagerness on the physician that his heart was strangely touched.

The doctor shook his head sadly. "My dear sir, it would only be cruel kindness to deceive you now. You probably can not live a fortnight."

The invalid turned with a low moan upon his couch, and the doctor went out softly. There were two other occupants of the small, illy-furnished chamber, whose every adjustment betrayed the absence of a woman's harmonizing taste, and these were a boy and girl: he could hardly have reached his seventh year, and four summers had just braided their light in the golden hair that fell rich and bright as a sunset cloud over her brother's lap, for the child was sleeping. But the boy had listened to every word the doctor had spoken; and if you had seen the quivering of the little fellow's lips, or the tears dashing over his dark eyes, you would have known he felt it, too.

"Papa, papa, did the doctor say you must die?" The voice was very mournful, and the little fingers gently pulled away those of the sick man from his face.

"Yes, Walter. O my children! my children!"

"Don't, there, please don't, papa. It frightens me so to see a great man cry. If mamma was only alive, or if I was only bigger and could take care of Mary; but she's so little, you know, papa, and I'm hardly seven, I can't do any thing to help her." He said it very mournfully, with the tears trickling down his cheeks.

"Papa, papa!" and the lips were brought nearer the averted face of the sick man, "can't you take us with you? I shan't want to stay behind when you're gone, and sister won't, either. You an't got any body to leave us to, you know, and mamma's there, and I want to go with you."

Suddenly the sick man sprang up in his bed, the hectic burned in his hollow cheek, and his eyes seemed to his child like two flames of fire. "Yes, I have got somebody with whom to leave you, my poor child," and he wound his arms round the boy. "They're a long, long way from here, and you've never heard their names, Walter; but though they have cursed the father, they'll be very tender to his motherless children. They didn't curse me, though. It was only he that said it, and I should have gone back long ago if the thought that she was lying under the grass and I had placed her there hadn't withheld me. But it shall no longer. O, thank God, thank God, there is somebody with whom I can leave you!"

Poor Ralph Hiller! The world had not dealt very kindly with him since he went out from his home, with the curse of the "disobedient" on his head.

He was a young man yet, but he had laid his gentle wife in the grave two years before. Financial embarrassment had succeeded her death, and a sudden revolution in his mercantile vicinity had stripped him of all his possessions. Sickness, the result partly of anxiety and disappointment, partly that of constitutional infirmity, succeeded, and so Ralph Hiller was dying.

"Walter, Mary, I can not keep on any longer. It would have been better now had we not left the tavern and waited for the stage. But our journey of a thousand miles has taken my last cent, and as the old man promised to bring us in his cart within a short distance of M——, I agreed to his proposition.

"It was strange, but I felt so strong and eager then to keep on my journey, and now I can hardly stand.

"It is three miles, too, to that house on the hill. You can see it, Walter, with the bright light in front. It is a straight road; haste, leave

me now, and if you ever get there—" the words died on the man's lips, and he sank senseless upon the pile of withered leaves which the winter wind had heaped under the tree. It was a bitter cold night, with the stars lying in cold, shining rifts about the sky, and the winds holding high festivals along the shores of the distant Hudson.

"Wally, wake up papa, wake him up," sobbed little Mary Hiller, who stood watching her prostrate parent, with both hands wrapped in her brother's, "he'll get cold going to sleep there."

"He isn't asleep," said the boy sadly. "O, if there was only somebody here!" and he looked round wistfully on the woods which lay dark and barren all about him. There was no help; he could see the lights from the distant village twinkling like stars through the night, and he must find his way to them as best he could. "Come with me, sister," he said, turning bravely to the child, "we'll walk fast, and that'll keep us warm, you know. Keep your shawl tight round you. Now come," and the boy drew her gently onward.

But, as I said, the night was very bitter, and the little one's limbs were very weary and benumbed with cold, and it seemed almost as if the angels' loving eyes must have grown dim with tears as they looked down on those children—the road was so long, and cold, and dreary.

"Wally, Wally, I can't go any farther; I'm so tired and cold," and the great tears were frozen on the little creature's cheeks. "I want to lie down and go to sleep." The tender feet had pattered along bravely for awhile by the side of Walter, but the child's steps had grown slower and feeblier till at last they had come to a full stop in the road, some mile and a half from the "house on the hill."

"No, no, little Mary don't want to go to sleep here on the ground where it is so hard and cold. Perhaps they'll have a nice bed when we get up to that house, you know. Just see how it's all lighted up, and how warm 'twill be when we get there. Come, I won't walk so fast, that's a good girl."

"I can't, Wally, I can't. My feet are so heavy they won't move, and my fingers ache so at the ends; just as if somebody was bitin' 'em."

"Please let me lie down, Wally, and you can put your arms round me, and I can go to sleep just as well as I could in the cradle at home;" for the intense cold was beginning to induce that lethargy which would have proven too fatal to the child.

Walter was suffering intensely with the cold,

too, and for a moment he felt tempted to comply with the child's request, but the thought of his father roused him again.

There was but one method which could induce the child to proceed, and Walter knew well that the little fainting heart in that benumbed frame was very warm with love for him, and rubbing the cold hands with all his might he said sorrowfully,

"And so, Mary, you will leave Walter to go all that long way alone. It will seem a great deal longer, and he will cry all the time, now papa has gone, and Mary has left him, too. Won't you go for my sake, little sister?"

The blue, closing eyes opened again. Two or three sobs broke over the child's lips, but betwixt them she whispered, "Kiss me twice, Wally, and I'll try." And Walter pressed his lips, not twice or thrice to the blue ones of his sister, and wrapping her hands tightly in his own they recommenced their journey.

In after years, when Walter looked down on that night, he would say it seemed little short of a miracle to him, how that last mile and a half was accomplished. Ah! the boy could not see that an angel went before him and led the way.

* * * * *

The severity of the weather had in no wise lessened the gathering at parson Hiller's that evening. Both the parlors were opened for the occasion, for the old and the young were assembled under the beloved roof, and the low hum of many voices mingled musically with the loud crackling of the huge logs in the chimneys. O they were a happy company! You could have told that by the smiles on every face; by the light in the eyes of all into which your own would have looked.

"Now, Miss Maggie, I've got hold of you a minute while they're setting the table, and I want you just to peep in here," cried Hannah, who reigned sole mistress of the culinary realm, drawing our heroine into a large, old-fashioned pantry. "There," she said, aiding the effect of her remarks by emphatic punches in her auditor's ribs and sides, "did you ever in your born days, Miss Maggie, see the like o' this! Three barrels o' flour, two whole cheeses, three firkins o' the very best butter, to say nothin' o' the potatoes and apple sarce, the turnips and doughnuts—where on the globed airth we can stow such a heap is a marvel to me," and the good woman heaved a sigh of mingled satisfaction and fatigue as she glanced round the closely piled shelves.

Margaret laughed her own gay, rippling laugh, that would have reminded you of nothing in the

world but birds among spring blossoms. "Never you mind, Hannah, you'll find a place somewhere, and—hark! wasn't that a knock at the kitchen door?"

"Yes, I believe 'twas; dear me! it does seem as if there was no end," and Hannah went out with such an air of the martyr that it elicited another laugh from Maggie, which was broken short by the woman's loud exclamation, "Goodness alive! what have we got here!" Another moment, and Maggie was at the door.

Two little children stood there; their limbs were stiff and their flesh was blue with the cold. It was a pitiful sight as they shivered in the bitter wind, and the younger would have fallen if her brother's arm had not upheld her.

"Please, ma'am, we have walked a long way in the dark, and little sister is almost frozen; won't you let us come in?"

Before Maggie could speak Hannah's strong arms had pulled both the children into the house.

"Let you come in, you poor little souls!" she cried with tears of genuine sympathy rolling down her cheeks. "I'm thinkin' the creature that wouldn't do this would never get into the great door above. Come close to the fire. Just look at them little red arms, Miss Maggie."

Maggie Hiller didn't speak, for her heart was too full for that; but she bent down and unloosed the girl's bonnet-strings, and the curls fell in a golden shower over her hands.

"Wally said you would be kind to me and let me go to sleep on a good bed when you made me warm. Mayn't Mary go now? she's so tired," and the little one looked up with touching earnestness.

"Yes, darling, you shall have a nice bed," she answered with a break of tears, as she sat down and lifted the little one to her lap. "But first you must get warm, and have something nice to eat, you know."

"Yes, I'll get some hot tea and plenty of other good things," said the prompt Hannah, as she drew a stool near the fire. "Sit down there, little boy, and we'll have you fixed off in a minute."

"But I want first to tell you about papa. He was sick and fell to the ground—"

At that moment a sudden ejaculation of wonder from many voices reached the kitchen. Maggie and Hannah looked wildly at each other, and then the former lifted the little girl from her lap and said briskly, "Stay with them, Hannah, till I see what is the matter."

A man, white and attenuated as one risen from the dead, stood in the center of the room, staring

wildly about him. No body knew him; the eyes of all the guests were fastened in wonder and dismay upon him; for he had rushed wildly in and was staring about the company like one demented, and yet he had not spoken.

I said no body knew him, but Maggie did as soon as her eyes rested on him. There was a cry of joy and of exceeding tenderness, "Ralph, Ralph, my brother!" then with one bound her arms were wrapped about his neck, and her lips were laid to his cold cheeks.

"O, Maggie, then you have not forgotten me!" He whispered the words faintly.

"Forgotten you, Ralph! Did you think that the sister that had slept in your arms and kneeled by your side at prayer; who never had a joy or a sorrow that she didn't tell you—O did you think she could forget you!"

"And my father, Maggie?"

Before she could answer parson Hiller came forward, and his tones were very tender as he said, "Ralph, my boy, you are welcome home again."

A smile went over the man's lips. "O," he said, "if *she*, too, were only here to tell me this, I could die in peace."

"She did say it, Ralph," said Maggie, eagerly catching her brother's meaning. "With her dying hands she drew down my head to her lips and whispered, 'Maggie, when Ralph comes back—for I know he will do this some time—tell him that his mother loved her boy to the last.'"

"Papa, papa," the child voices rang sweet and eager through the parlor, and the next moment the children rushed to the side of their parent.

"I can not see you," and Ralph sank feebly into a chair, and then for the first time a sudden, terrible fear smote to the hearts of parson Hiller and his daughter. "But, children, come close to me. Father, sister, they are all I have to leave you, and for my sake you will be very tender of them."

"Thank God, my prayer is heard! I shall die at home. It was this thought that gave me strength when I woke up to-night in the woods yonder, and it was this that bore me to you, though I was dying. I am going first to that far country where mother is waiting, and when she asks for those I left behind, I shall tell her '*They're all coming.*'" His head sank upon Maggie's shoulder, and when they lifted it Ralph Hiller was with them no longer.

And if the donation, which had commenced so auspiciously, closed with many tears, there was a rainbow of hope in the hearts of the chief mourners.

The sympathizing parishioners never knew the nature or extent of Ralph Hiller's early sin, and only supposed some unhappy misunderstanding had occurred between the father and the son. There was a new grave made by the mother's, and the next spring a marble monument threw its long, slender shadow over the rose and cypress that loving hands had twined there. Under the name of Ralph Hiller was simply engraven, "*They're all coming.*"

And now, reader, do your beloved, who have gone to that "upper country," say these blessed words of you?

Where the mountains rise in their serene, solemn beauty, with the green scrolls of that eternal summer folded over their bosoms; where the jubilee of the seraphim rolls sweetly along the golden valleys, does the rejoicing cry for *you* sometimes rise up—a cry that wanders over the white plains, and is gathered up among the echoes of the hills of jasper—" *They are all coming!*"

THE "WALUM-OLUM;"

OR, BARK RECORD.

BY REV. T. M. EDDY, A. M.

THE early history of the Indian tribes is involved in deep obscurity, and much of it can never be brought out. The conquerors were too incessantly occupied in hunting, shooting, and scalping them to give close attention to their antecedents, theology, or ethnology. Their worthy sons have been too much occupied in cheating them in diplomacy and woolen and cotton cloth, and killing them with bad whisky, to devote any considerable share of attention to their origin, traditions, or destiny. Nevertheless, there have been some who, regarding the red man as a broken fragment of our common humanity, have busied themselves in inquiries concerning him—they have asked him whence he came; they have interrogated his traditions, his songs, and his worship. But they have gathered few treasures. The veil of mystery envelops the Indian. Only *this* is surely known—he was once strong, he is now weak and is doomed to annihilation. The heel of the Anglo-Saxon is "crushing out" his hope, his heart to do, and his existence itself.

The scanty researches made show this much—the religion of the tribes must be appealed to for all the information, or nearly so, we can hope to gain. This is true, not merely of Indian tribes, but all barbarous nations. A distinguished oriental traveler has said, "By a proper attention to the vestiges of ancient superstition, we are some-

times enabled to refer a whole people to their original ancestors with as much if not more certainty than by observations made upon their languages, because the superstition is ingrafted upon the stock, but the language is liable to change."

Mr. E. G. Squier, some years ago, read before the New York Historical Society an interesting paper upon the "Traditions of the Algonquins," which seems to strengthen the idea of many, that a system of hieroglyphics was known among the Indian tribes. There fell into his possession, from the papers of Professor C. S. Rafinesque—who was a great Indian antiquarian; so far as facts were concerned he was reliable, being honest and painstaking, but deficient in those mental traits essential to accurate generalization; hence, while his conclusions were generally wrong his data were ordinarily reliable—to resume after this biographical and critical parenthesis, he found a MS. entitled, "Walum-Olum—painted sticks—or painted and engraved traditions of the Lenni Lenape." A note in the handwriting of the Professor states that the MS. was obtained of Dr. Ward, of Indiana, who procured the wooden originals from a remnant of the Delaware Indians, on White river, in 1822. It is also stated that the characters were long inexplicable, "till, with a deep study of the Delaware, and the aid of Zeisberber's MS. Dictionary, in the library of the Philosophical Society, a translation was effected."

It is the opinion of Mr. Squier that this singular paper bears strong internal marks of genuineness, and is strongly supported by collateral circumstances. Loskiel, in his "History of the United Brethren in America," has written the following of the people among whom it professedly originated: "The Delawares delight in describing their genealogies, and are so well versed in them that they mark every branch of the family with the greatest precision. They add also the character of their forefathers: such a one was a wise and intelligent counselor, a renowned warrior, or a rich man, etc. But though they are ignorant of the art of reading and writing, yet their ancestors were well aware that they stood in need of something to enable them to convey their ideas to a distant nation, or preserve the memory of remarkable events. To this end they invented something like hieroglyphics, and also strings and belts of wampum, etc." Again: "The Delawares use hieroglyphics on wood, trees, and stones, to give caution, for communication, to commemorate events, and preserve records. Every Indian understands their meaning."

The fact of picture-writing among the Indians has been scouted by men who would give half a

comfortable fortune for a brick from the ruins of an Egyptian temple, if scrawled over with inscriptions by the onion worshipers. We may, then, give another authority or two. Mr. Schoolcraft has said of the Ojibwas: "Every path has its blazed and figured tree, conveying intelligence to all that pass, for all can understand these signs, which are taught the young as carefully as we teach our alphabet." Heckwelder says: "They have certain hieroglyphics by which they describe facts in so plain a manner, that those who are conversant with their marks can understand them with the greatest ease."

These signs were essentially *mnemonic*, and a simple or compound sign served to reveal an entire sentence or series of sentences. "A single figure with its adjuncts would stand for the verse of a song, or for a circumstance which it would require several sentences to explain."

The MS. under immediate notice comprises five divisions; the first two embody traditions concerning the creation and a general deluge, and the rest a history of various migrations and a list of ninety-seven chiefs in the order of succession.

It stands in the following form: First, the mnemonic symbol, of which there are one hundred and eighty-four. Second, the suggested verse or sentence in the Delaware dialect. And, third, a literal translation of the same in English.

I regret that I can not give the symbols. The copious type of the publishers of the Repository have hardly any representations of the Algonquin symbols. Hence I will give only the original Indian terms and the literal translations, and then a brief paraphrase of one or two sections. As to the accuracy of the translation this one fact seems strongly confirmatory. Mr. Squier submitted it without explanation to the educated Delaware chief, George Copway—Kah-go-ga-gah-bow—who, without hesitation, "pronounced it authentic in respect, not only to the original signs and accompanying explanations in the Delaware dialect, but also in the general ideas and conceptions which it embodies."

The subject of the first song or chant is the creation, and I will give it entire:

1. Sayewitalli wemiguma wokgetaki^{*}
At first there all sea-water above land.
2. Haikung-kwelik owanaku wakyutalli kitani-
Above much water foggy (was) and (or also) there crea-
tor he was.
3. Sayewis hallemiwis nolemiwi kitanitowit-essop
First being eternal being invisible creator he was.

* "The terminal aki is a contraction of *ahki*, land, and frequently simply denotes place."

4. Sohalawak kwelik kakik owak
He causes them much water much land much air or clouds
awasagawak
much heaven.
5. Sohalawak gishuk nimpanum alankwak
He causes them the sun the moon the stars.
6. Wemi-sohalawak yulik yuch-aan
All he causes these well to move.
7. Wich-owagan kshakan moshakwat
With action (or rapidly) it blows wind it clears up
kwelik kshipelep
great waters it ran off.
8. Opeleken mani-menak delsin epit
It looks bright made islands is there at.
9. Lappinup ketanitowit manito maniloak
Again when creator he made spirits, or makers.
10. Owiniwak angelotawiwak chichaukwak wemiwak
First beings also and angels souls also and all.
11. Wtenk-manito jenwis lennowak mukom
After he made beings men and grandfather.
12. Milap netami gaho owini-gaho
He gave them the first mother first being's mother.
13. Name-ai-k-melap tulpewik awesik cholensak
Fishes he gave him turtles beasts birds.
14. Makimani-shak sohalawak makowini n'okowak
Bad spirit but he causes them bad beings black snakes
amangamek
monsters, or large reptiles.
15. Sohalawak uchewak sohalawak pungusak
He causes them flies he causes them gnats.
16. Nitesak wemi owini w'delsinewuap
Friends all beings were then.
17. Kiwes wunand wishi-manitoak essopak
Thou being good God good spirits were there.
18. Nijini netami lennowak nigoha netami
The beings the first men mothers first
okweui nantinewak.
wives little spirits (fairies) [babies?]
19. Gattamin netami mitzi nijini nantino
Fat fruits the first the food the beings little spirits.
20. Wemi winge-nameneq wemi ksin elandamep
All willingly pleased all easy thinking
wullatemanawi
happy
21. Shukand eli kimi mekenikink wakon^{*}
But then while secretly on earth snake god
powako init'ako
priest snake worship snake.
22. Mattalugos pallalugos maktatin owagan
Wickedness crime unhappiness actions
payat-chikutali
coming there then.
23. Wak-tapan-payat wihiilan mboagan
Bad weather coming distempers death.
24. Wonwemi wi-wunch atak kilabikan
This all very long aforetime beyond great waters
netami-epit
first land at.

So ends this remarkable poem, and the skeleton of "a system" is in it, and some of the bones are large and well developed. The following paraphrase is given by our author:

1. At the first there were great waters above all the land.
2. And above the waters were thick clouds, and there was God the creator.
3. The first being eternal, omnipotent, invisible was God the creator.

* The snake. Algonquin symbol of malignant force.

4. He created vast waters, great lands, and much air, and heaven;
5. He created the sun, the moon, and the stars;
6. He caused them all to move well.
7. By his power he made the winds to blow, purifying, and the deep waters to run off;
8. All was made bright, and the islands were brought into being.
9. Then, again, God the creator made the great spirits;
10. He made also the first beings, angels, and souls;
11. Then made he a man, being the father of men;
12. He gave him the first mother, the mother of the early born;
13. Fishes gave he him, turtles, beasts, and birds.
14. But the evil spirit created evil beings, snakes, and monsters;
15. He created vermin and annoying insects. [Query, Musketoos?]
16. Then were all beings friends:
17. There being a good God, all spirits were good—
18. The beings, the first men, mothers, wives, little spirits also.
19. Fat fruit were the food of the beings and the little spirits:
20. All were then happy, easy in mind and pleased.
21. Then came secretly on earth the snake [evil] god, the snake-priest, and snake-worship—
22. Came wickedness, came unhappiness,
23. Came then bad weather, disease, and death.
24. This was all very long ago at our early home.

This song and the paraphrase give some interesting statements of the faith of "the poor Indian's untutored mind." There was the watery chaos—"the earth in the water and out of the water"—and the formless clouds, then the mighty God—one God and eternal put forth his power—land and water, air, the expanse or firmament all gemmed with stars, and sun, and moon, moving well. How admirably this agrees with Mosaic history! and how the Indian mind has seized upon the sublime conceptions of the Hebrew historian!

The origin of evil, the knot so hard to untie, is here boldly cut by the theory of the independent evil principle or snake-god.

Seriously, one is struck with the agreement throughout with the inspired history. The creation, the temptation, the fall, with that fall the entrance of misery, where before all "were happy, easy in mind and pleased," and the reign of wickedness, "then came unhappiness, bad weather, disease, and death." All these call up vividly the Bible lessons taught us in our happy Christian homes. And, though we receive not the divinity of the bad spirit, we have read that the serpent tempted Eve, she listened, fell—"sin entered into the world, and death by sin."

As to the origin of these notions there is internal evidence that they had received some Chris-

tian traditions. The idea of a Great Spirit prevails among the various Indian tribes, and they have never been Atheists. Atheism is the heritage of civilized *fools*; the savage is too poor to afford so costly a luxury.

Among the Algonquin tribes the idea of a deluge was every-where received. The details differed in almost each recorded instance, but the event is prominent. The flood is ascribed to the Great Serpent, who is generally placed in antagonism to Manabozho, a powerful demigod or intermediate spirit, about answering to Milton's Michael, the general of the angelic armies. These two persons have many a sore conflict, do vast damage, the deluge being only an instance in the long chapter. In the *Walum-Olum*, however, there is a slight variation from the above; there it is represented as a general conflict between the "beings"—good spirits—and the *maskinako*—evil spirits. In midst of the confusion and destruction, Manabozho appears as preserver. Our space will not permit transcribing the entire song in both languages, but we give the paraphrase:

1. Long ago came the powerful serpent [*maskanako*] when men had become evil. (See Gen. vi, 5, 6.)
2. The strong serpent was the foe of the beings, and they became embroiled, hating each other.
3. Then they fought and despoiled each other, and were not peaceful.
4. And the small men [*matpaw*] fought with the keeper of the dead [*Nibanlowit*.]
5. Then the strong serpent resolved all men and beings to destroy immediately.
6. The black serpent, monster, brought the snake-water rushing.
7. The wide waters rushing, wide to the hills, everywhere spreading, every-where destroying.
8. At the island of the turtle [*tula*] was Manabozho, of men and beings the grandfather—
9. Being born creeping, a turtle land he is ready to move and dwell.
10. Men and beings all go forth on the flood of waters, moving afloat, every way seeking the back of the turtle [*tulapin*.]
11. The monsters of the sea were many, and destroyed some of them.
12. Then the daughter of a spirit helped them in the boat, and all joined, saying, Come help!
13. Manabozho, of all beings, of men and turtles the grandfather.
14. All together, on the turtle then, the men, then, were all together.
15. Much frightened, Manabozho prayed to the turtle that he would make all well again.
16. Then the waters ran off, it was dry on mountain and plain, and the great evil went elsewhere by the path of the cave.

So ends the song or legend of the deluge. The allusion to the turtle is mysterious. This is known—the Algonquins always held the turtle in as much reverence as a New York alderman.

According to some authors, the mother of the human race having been ejected from heaven was received on the back of a tortoise, around which matter gradually accumulating formed the earth.

There is another tradition, that the great turtle was a chief spirit of the Chippewas—"The spirit that never lied." The island of Michilimakanak was sacred to this spirit, and its name denotes "great turtle." The Turtle tribe of the Lenape claim superiority, because of their relationship to the great turtle, which is their Atlas, bearing the world upon a pair of shoulders particularly broad.

Ah! how much better the clear teachings of the book divine! How simple and yet sublime are its utterances! "What profit? Much every way—chiefly the oracles of God."

The pictured records now go into a detailed history of the tribes, which is interesting and curious, but too long for insertion. The sum is about this: After various migrations the tribes finally reach the great and fine island of the snakes, from which, like worthy St. Patrick, they expel the snakes, and, multiplying, they spread toward the south—the beautiful or shore-land. Here, for the first, they build houses and plant fields. A drouth drives them forth, and they seek the *shillakiny*, or buffalo land. Dissensions prevail—they separate—one party, the *westamocoi*, or *Wise*, tarry, the others remove. The *Wise* build a town on the *Wisawana*, or Yellow river—the Missouri—and for a long time are peaceful and happy. Warlike chiefs arise, under whom conquests are made in all directions. At length arises the great chief, Opekasit—east-looking—who, wearied with so much slaughter, leads his people toward sunrise. They reach the *Messusipu*—great river—the Mississippi, where they halt. Here arises chief Tagawanena—the hut-maker—under whose chieftaincy they learn that eastward the land is very rich and possessed by the warlike Tallegwi; thither they remove. The Tallegwi "welcome them to hospitable groves;" the shout, *palliton! palliton!*—war! war!—is raised, and they assail the Tallegwi; the war rages for many years, till the "manifest destiny" of the northern invaders prevails, and the Tallegwi are driven southward. The conquerors now occupy the country along the Ohio below the great lakes. To their north are their friends, the Talawaton—literally, *not of themselves*—rendered Huron. They have occasional battles, but no general war.

Here is a break in the history, and the record resumes by saying they dwelt securely in the land of the Tallegwi—they built houses and planted corn. They flourished under a long line

of chiefs, and cultivated the arts of peace. But war again arose. After much fighting there was an exode under Linkewinnak—the sharp-looking—who conducted his band eastward, beyond the *Talegachukung*, or Alleghany Mountains. Here they spread widely, warring with the Mengwi, or spring people, the Pungelika, lynx or Eries, and the Mohegana, or wolves. The record then gives the division into tribes, and the names of the chiefs, and brings the history down to the European invasion. Here they terminate.

In these traditions these points are very distinct. After the deluge—"long time ago"—they came from the north and made their home away in the west, and from thence they migrated eastward. The Indians generally claim a western origin. Lawson says, "When you ask them [the Carolinas] whence their fathers came that first inhabited the country, they point westward and say, 'Where the sun sleeps, our fathers came thence.'"

And whence *did* they come? Who can tell? "God hath made of one blood all the nations of the earth;" but from what son of antiquity did they descend? From what venerable seer, beside what smoking altar did they receive the truths which, though corrupted, they have never lost? Who built the towers and walls, whose ruins are found thickly scattered through the homes of the fathers? What rolled them backward from civilization, or semi-civilization, to barbarism? Who can tell? Only He whose "counsels" sweep the past and the coming eternity!

Meanwhile they are driven back to the western habitation of their ancestors, and a gloomy destiny awaits them. The other day the writer saw some dozens of them, sole remnants of a once great tribe.

Cruel have they been—often treacherous and revengeful—but they have been cruelly and shamefully wronged, deceived, cheated, and *our nation has done it*.

May God in mercy pardon our great oppression!

A CONSCIENTIOUS KING.

SATAN labors, and with great success, to deceive mankind into the idea that the adoption of one sin is pardoned, or, at least, excused, if they refrain from others. In this way did he work upon Herod, who, though living in incest with Herodias, yet was very tender and scrupulous about an oath: "Nevertheless, for his oath's sake." O, what a conscientious king! what a *very* conscientious king!

GHOST STORIES.

BY ALICE CARY.

NUMBER IV.

SCENE FIRST.

A BRIGHT fire in the grate of a fashionable parlor in the city of—no matter what. Leaving curtains, carpets, sofas, pictures, and all to the imagination, we come at once to the two inmates—a fat, powdered and curled, and pompous woman, and a small, pampered, and puffed-out lap-dog; the woman dozing on the cushions of the sofa, and the dog muffled luxuriantly up in her lace mantle, wheezing and sneezing now and then, but not at all to the discomfort of the elegant lady, as it appeared from her motionless posture and deep and satisfied breathing. The bronze clock had run silently past one, and would presently reach two, when the door-bell rang once, and again and again loud and impatiently, and in the midst of the clang a young lady, muffled in shawls, the price of which would have made many a poor family happy, entered the room hurriedly, and demanded, with an angry gesture, why she was kept waiting an hour in the chill of a December midnight.

"I am sure, my dear Louise, it could not have been long. I heard the servant in the hall almost the very moment you rang."

"Much you know about it, mamma, fast asleep by the fire. I don't suppose it seemed long to you. Is there no tea for me, and nothing to eat? I am almost dead;" and the splendidly dressed and really handsome young lady dashed herself into the easy chair, which she pulled rather roughly against her mamma, and employed herself in almost wrenching off bracelets and pins, which she tossed aside as the veriest trifles.

"I did not suppose, my dear, that you would care to eat after the supper at the ball; but I will order a cup of tea at once; and what else will you have, my sweet child—a sandwich—a bit of chicken, or what?"

"Don't trouble yourself," answered the pouting Louise; "but I don't know how you supposed I could eat in corsets and white gloves, and this dress—preposterous!"

Notwithstanding this discouraging reception of her proposal, the mamma arose to give the order; and the puffed-up dog, whose name was Queen, leaped to the caressing arms of its worshipful mistress, the haughty, handsome, and spoiled Louise, who took its little silken ears in her delicate hands with a fondness she would have disdained to bestow on a fellow-mortal just then.

Scarcely five minutes were gone, when the tea,

together with other delicacies which need not be mentioned, were brought, and the shining service of silver and china were arranged near the glowing fire; but Louise had no appetite now; she preferred to go to bed, and ordered the things removed forthwith.

"What is the matter with my pretty dear?" asked the mother, in tenderest accents, and at the same time loosening the pearls and flowers from her daughter's hair, that was wound in heavy and luxuriant braids about the forehead of the girl. But not till two or three maids were called out of bed to free the lady from her troublesome finery, and array her in a comfortable dressing-gown, did her ill-humor in any wise begin to subside. At this juncture she was prevailed on to sip a little wine and eat a mouthful or two to sustain her till the morrow, which delicate beginning ended in the second bringing of the tea and salver. At the close of the repast, the pretty darling was coaxed into an unburdening of her mind to her anxious mamma, on this wise:

The ball had been a brilliant affair; but in its splendors, even the lavish expenditure bestowed on the beautiful Louise had been quite eclipsed, or she fancied it was so, and, at any rate, had failed to draw after her the admiration and attention she had expected. That flower must be beautiful, indeed, that draws all the loiterers of the garden to one spot; and there are those who admire the modest and unpretending daisy more than the flaunting hollyhock or the high-looking sunflower.

"I might as well have staid at home," she said, wiping some real tears into her lace handkerchief, "and I wish I had—the fact is, mother, there were plenty of ladies, not half so much dressed as I, who were more sought. I could have scratched their faces, and torn their little quiet ribbons to pieces. I was never so provoked and disappointed. If I had not tried to be the belle, I should not care; but just think of it—I was like a silent peacock in an orchard full of singing-birds. I shan't go to the next ball; I'll show them that a ball is a small thing to me. I am sure I don't care a straw for any body that I saw to-night, man nor woman; they may admire each other as much as they choose; I shan't put myself in their way any more." And making her face ugly with its unamiable expression, the spoiled beauty put herself into a defiant posture.

"Pray, how did such and such a one look?" asked the mamma; "did Mary E. wear the old blue satin train? and did Miss W. appear in the

everlasting white silk? Really, I should think their old dresses would attract attention to them by this time, if nothing else;" and the two ladies laughed affectedly.

"Well, never mind, my dear," said the elder, presently; "suppose we go off out of town, just in the height of the season, and see if we are not missed. I guess our suppers will not be easily supplied, and I rather think there will be some inquiry made about us before long. It will be serving the whole set just right. What say you, Louise—will it not be exquisite revenge?"

The daughter agreed that it would be most delightful, and clapped her little hands in glee, as she thought what a sensation their secret resolve would make throughout the great city if it were only known. It is probable, however, that she quite overrated the importance of herself, and that no startling effects would have been observable in the cold and dark of the aforesaid December, if their curious conspiracy could have been made public.

Then arose the question where they should go; for, after a little reflection, it appeared quite clear to the elder lady that if they should make themselves a little less conspicuous, they would be more sought; that their assumed indifference to the gayeties in which they might share would, in fact, throw about them a wonderful charm; "And there is cousin Victor Blake's—his quiet country-house will afford delightful pastime for a month. We shall have riding for pleasant days, you know; and then we shall be the leaders of every thing, for his simple-minded neighbors don't know any thing about stylish folks. Bless me, is not the idea charming?"

The young lady said it was charming; but her face wore its sullen and dissatisfied expression still, which even the caresses of the pet Queen failed to soften. Quite different was the expression on the face of the elder lady; her keen gray eyes were evidently resting on some triumph, the nature of which she did not impart to the disappointed Louise. A shrewd calculator, however, might have guessed the object upon which her mental vision was resting, and whereunto her assured smile lengthened itself. "Yes, yes," she said, "we will drop in upon Victor for a month or so; he is rich and handsome—or he was handsome when I saw him last—that is some four or five years ago. A very delightful person he is, too, or was. I really wonder why I have neglected him so long. He must be a man of some importance in his neighborhood. I wonder if he is still mewed up with old Jane, that crazy sister of his! Pity she were not in an asylum. I will try to effect

her removal; it would be such a relief to poor Victor to be rid of her."

What further she designed to effect she said not; but, as I remarked, an inference might have been drawn from the enjoyment with which she dwelt on the handsome and wealthy young man, and the pertinacity with which she insisted on the belief that he could not possibly be much over forty, and was a very proper match for a girl past twenty-seven. She did not say Louise was twenty-seven; on the contrary, she said, "You are *understood* to be twenty-one, my dear, are you not?"

"What is the difference about my age?" replied Louise; "you ask me every other day; I am younger than you are, and that's enough!"

This outbreak was quieted by a kiss from the mother, and a sudden change of the subject to the snow which came driving against the windows.

"Well, my love," resumed the mother, "we will make our preparations very quietly to-morrow, and the day following we shall be off, and then what a vacuum there will be in society here!"

So near the daybreak of the aforementioned December night the mother and daughter separated.

We need only say that they were rich and idle people, on no very good terms with the world, nor yet with themselves; for it is impossible to be satisfied with ourselves while we live selfishly and idly. Their name was Gordon, and their fireside the frequent scene of bitterer anger and disputation than what we have recorded. To make a sensation; to be thought to have more money and more servants, and a larger house and more liberal expenditure than they really had; and to have it supposed that they were respectively younger by ten or twelve years than they were, that their relatives were all people of distinction, and had at their disposal the highest positions in the country, was the great aim of their lives. And on their small capital it was an exceedingly hard thing to effect.

SCENE SECOND.

The snow coming down on the roof of a very comfortable country-mansion; all quiet and still without; the trees taking the snows noiselessly, and no wind stirring their dry tops. At two or three windows only are there lights; for though the house is ample, it seems not to have many inhabitants. Within, if we had been there, we should have had our first impressions confirmed. In the kitchen sits a tidy middle-aged woman, sewing on some pretty material, which she now

and then spreads out in the candlelight as if to admire—probably, too, to contemplate the progress she is making. The fire of wood burns bright before her, and in its warmth, and near the woman's feet, lies the great watch-dog, fast asleep. A large wooden bowl of flour stands on the table, near which a cup is brimming up with yeast, and a basin of apples hard by, and a neatly dressed fowl, together with a small measure of coffee, indicate the preparation for breakfast. All is orderly, and wherever you turn indications of plenty meet you—the proprietor is neither mean nor poor, you will say at once. And is this the mistress with the sewing work? possibly; and yet, though you scarcely know why, something inclines you to decide in the negative, and at the same time you are far from believing her only a servant; her face beams with kindly intelligence, her tongue makes cheerful music with a pious hymn, and her hands ply the needle industriously.

Adjoining this room is another, on the ample hearth of which a bright wood-fire is burning; rich draperies hang over the windows, some pots of flowers bloom in exquisite vases, and some shelves of elegantly bound books completely occupy one side of the room. The carpet is not showy, but of an exceedingly rich and costly pattern; and all the furnishing of the place evinces cultivated taste and liberal means.

Sitting on a low stool before the fire is a young girl, or seemingly young, for it may be the simplicity of her dress, which is almost childish, and the many curls falling about her bare neck and shoulders, take something from the years that have gone over her. As she looks up from her profitless employment—the cutting and making of paper flowers—there is, you will see, a wandering and unsettled light in her deep-blue eyes, and an expression both of pain and pleasure in her face which you will find it impossible to reconcile. Now she laughs out with excess of glee, and now she is pouting and petulant, perhaps crying; and now, with serious and earnest countenance, sits looking into her own heart as though it were a troubling mystery to her. Now she goes to the window as though in expectancy of some one, bending her ear close to the pane, and listening very eagerly. You can not tell whether she is child or woman, nor whether she is pleased or vexed; for her cheek flushes and grows pale alternately, and her eyes now flash and then again swim in tears.

The room has another inmate, though, for the most part, she seemed unconscious of it—a young man, with blue eyes like the girl's, and black,

luxuriant tresses like hers, too. He is reading at a table, or, rather, his eyes are fixed on an open book; for his face changes not its almost solemn expression, and he turns no leaf of the book on which his eyes are resting.

If you come close to him, you will see that his black hair is streaked with white; and though no melancholy sigh escapes him, you will be conscious of a grief too deep to be thus dissipated. An hour goes by, and another, and all this time he has sat without motion or change of muscle. A light shines down in his face, and the cheerful voice of the woman that we have seen in the adjoining room asks if it is not time for Jenny to go to bed; he assents in silence, and reaches out his arm to the girl, who comes for the good-night kiss, and the two women go out together. Let us go, too, closing the door softly behind us, and placing this scene against the first, see if we shall not conclude we have been looking into the home of Mrs. Gordon's handsome cousin—Victor Blake—and if pretty Jenny is not the crazy Jane we have heard of.

SCENE THIRD.

Snow in the December midnight—the dense black woods whitening under its weight, and the tree-tops bending almost together above a lonesome little house, neighbored only by silence and darkness, for far as the eye can see no window light shines. The watch-dog whines at the door—the rude, low, unpainted door—and hard by stands one cow, unsheltered and shivering. Humble, homely, mournful, is all without; but within is the desolation of desolations—death is there—the children are weeping and can not be comforted, and the wife and mother is dumb with an awful sorrow, for her heart is in the coffin by which she sits so still. He is gone who was dearer than life—gone to that bourne whence no traveler returns; and her empty arms shall find nothing in the world to fill them again; the roof seems lowering itself to smother her, and the hearthlight is dead, and the smiles of her children stifled. She, too, must die; there is nothing left but to die. And yet weeping about her are sons and daughters that she must live for—that she will live for by and by, when the shadow of this terrible affliction shall have lifted itself a little. Three little boys and two lovely girls are there, and about the eldest, whose sweet name is Mary, the others are gathered, and to her they seem looking for comfort. With a strong effort she silences her own anguish to soothe theirs; her arms are now about one and now about another, and her whispered words

seem steadying up their hearts, for they weep less wildly as she caresses and talks to them. "When will the morning come?" they say, again and again. Alas! it will bring only a new sorrow—the grave will then close over the face, which, though so hushed and white, they are still permitted to look upon; and no more then forever shall they see their father come home from the fields when the night closes—no more shall they tell by the evening fireside the little story of their daily life—no more rejoice in the bright promise of a new hat or gown—no more hail the full moon that illuminates all the woods—and no more look across years of toil and privation to some time in the distance, when the rude little house shall have given place to a pretty cottage, and the rough wild trees to a garden full of flowers: all plans, all prospects, all hopes, are swept into the impenetrable dark.

Poor little company of mourners! the sun that is down will come up again, the storm drives the ship into the haven sometimes, and the snow makes the wheat green in its time. The grass and the daisies creep over the grave-mound, and at length the peace of reconciliation comes over the heart.

But words are useless; grief must have its way, and time will do its work. You have still a Father in heaven, and he will not forget nor forsake you. Let us leave the mourners with their dead. We have seen how poor they are, and how hopeless they are—let us go.

SCENE FOURTH.

The sun shines across the level snow, and the thin shadows of the leafless trees look cold enough as they stretch eastward; the citizens are hurrying homeward, closely wrapped in muffs and cloaks, and the country people are not much abroad. Faces press to the windows of the houses that dot the roadside as the stage-coach is heard muffling through the snow. The face of the driver is as red as a rose, as it shines out from the gray cap tied close under the chin, and his thick woolen mittens seem not to keep his hands warm, for he thumps them together every little while, as he holds the reins between his knees. Gayly the four white horses toss their manes, and proudly they arch their necks, as over the hills and along the level way they dash forward—a great cloud of smoke precedes them, and their snorting may be heard a good deal farther than the noise of the coach-wheels.

The twilight seems to have fallen suddenly, and the passengers all look from the windows of the coach; but they have come into a thick woods, and that is all—nothing is to be seen but

trees, high black trees, standing close along each side of the way, and between them lies the snow, white and unbroken. Yes, here is a rude little cabin by the wayside, and three little bareheaded boys are out in the cold, hailing the coach; a young girl stands in the door crying, and a middle-aged woman, wearing a black kerchief and a mourning ribbon on her plain cap, is holding the hand of the young woman, and apparently giving her some words of parting advice. By the gate stands a small trunk, which is lifted to the coach-top; and the young woman, who is clad simply, poorly indeed, turning from the little faces, pulls hurriedly the black veil over her eyes, and climbs up the steps of the coach unassisted; for who of the gentlemen inside will step down into the snow to help a poor girl like her?

She hesitates, for some one calls out, "There is no room." The driver throws down the reins, and says, authoritatively, "Make room on the back seat;" and the two elegant ladies seated there reluctantly gather up their ample skirts, looking their displeasure at the poor girl, who, timid and trembling, takes a scanty and comfortless seat.

Often she puts her coarse plain handkerchief to her eyes as she goes along; but the veil covers them, and if she weeps no one sees it.

Dim and red the sun stays among the tree-tops, but does not shine any longer. With ax on his shoulder, the chopper walks briskly home, and windows begin to show ruddy fires within. It is the time "the busy housewife plies her evening care." The reins are tightened at the gate of a large white house, which stands in a yard that is filled with trees and shrubberies. It has a silent and melancholy look in spite of the evident wealth of the proprietor. Two of the inside passengers find themselves on the ground the same moment to offer their hands to the two elegant ladies, whose journey is here ended. The coach is lightened of a quantity of baggage, and dashes forward again, while the ladies make their way up the snow-covered avenue. Need we say they are Mrs. Gordon and daughter, and that they are come to pass a month with cousin Victor?

On the neighboring hill, and partly screened by a clump of elm-trees, stands a small rustic school-house, which the young girl notices with much interest; and a little farther on, at an old-fashioned farm-house, she is set down. She is evidently expected, for two striplings come romping forward, and, carrying the trunk between them, lead the way to the house; and when

they have reached the door, they wait a moment to say they don't think the young woman looks much like a school-mistress.

That she is the Mary we saw at midnight in the cabin, comforting her brothers and sisters; and that she has come now among strangers to earn something for them by school-teaching, is the supposition which the reader has doubtless made. We leave to their imagining her struggle and her sorrow, her homesickness and heart-sickness, till the evening of a mild February day is closing in, and she is seen following a troop of noisy boys and girls at a little distance, quietly, and reading as she walks. She does not see the two ladies and the gentleman who are cantering down the road, but keeps right forward, her eyes intent on the book before her. The younger of the ladies is well nigh upon her, yet she turns not her horse aside; suddenly she feels his breath in her face, and, hastily stepping back, lets fall the book; the horse tramples it beneath his feet, and the gay rider goes forward with a merry and derisive laugh. The other lady follows, wondering what little body could be so impudent as to remain in the middle of the road when *they* were coming up.

"But where is Victor?" asks the young lady, looking anxiously back. "Stupid fellow! I thought he would consider my spurring a challenge, and come after me."

But whether or not the gentleman understood the challenge, he was evidently indifferent to it; for he no sooner saw the accident than he was on the ground, and, taking up the soiled volume, offered such apologies as caused the young school-mistress not a little confusion. "No," he said, as she reached for the book, "you must allow me to replace it; and as for the carelessness of my guest, I can neither ask you to forgive it nor to excuse it;" and bowing low, he remounted, and rode forward at a pace which did not allow him to overtake the ladies till they reached the gate of home.

SCENE FIFTH.

Victor sits at the fireside, and his sister Jenny on a low stool at his feet—her head rests on his knee, and his hand is laid on her head. The shutters are closed, and the rain beats dismally against them; but the room is full of warm light, and all looks cheerful. Mrs. Gordon and her daughter Louise come in together—dressed and overdressed, especially the younger, who evidently supposes herself irresistible as she adjusts pins and flowers; that she will complete a conquest to-night she is resolved, and, by way of

eliciting some attention and manifestation, she says, childishly and poutingly, which she fancies her most charming method, "Don't you think, mamma, that Victor is growing tired of us? He don't talk to me, and I believe he wants me to go home."

"What a darling you are!" replied the mamma; "just as if cousin Victor could ever be tired of you;" and seeing that cousin Victor said nothing, she went on, "Naughty cousin, why don't you tell Louise?"

"Tell her what?" asked the cousin, quietly.

"Whether you want her to go home. Now, honor bright."

"My house is quite at her service, certainly, so long as she is pleased to honor me;" and Victor lifted not his eyes from the fire as he spoke.

"Do you hear him, Louise?" whispered the mamma; "that is as much of a declaration as we can ever expect him to make."

"Pardon me," she resumed to Victor, after a brief silence, "but don't you think it would be a nice thing to send Jane away? It would be so much pleasanter, you know."

Jenny lifted her head as though the meaning of the words were perfectly clear to her, and, catching at her brother's hand, began to cry.

"Thank you for your kind intentions," replied Victor, and he said nothing more.

"I don't know, of course; it's all as you and Louise think," Mrs. Gordon said; for by boldly assuming the devotion of Victor to her daughter, she seemed to think would make it truth; and so quietly, and as though she were rather in the way of the sentiment, she withdrew, coaxing Jenny, with the promise of some pretty toy, to accompany her.

"Now, tell me true," said Louise, seating herself on the vacant stool at his feet, when they were left alone, "don't you want me to go away, so you can go and visit the school-mistress? Now, true, Victor. An't you half in love with her?"

"No, certainly not."

"But did you not go to see her last night, and carry her such a sweet, pretty book for the ugly, old one my bad horse trod on?"

"Yes."

"You did?"

"Certainly I did."

"Then I will go home, and you may go to see her, if you choose. I don't want to be in your way."

"I don't know," said Victor, "how you can suppose yourself in my way. I shall visit the school-mistress without such movement on your part, if she will permit me."

"You shall, shall you?"

"To be sure."

"And yet you pretend to tell me that you are not half in love with her?"

"I said so."

"Pray, then, how are you?"

"Altogether in love, may it please you."

Louise flew out of the room, crying, "I always thought you a fool, and now I know it," to seek comfort in the arms of her mother.

Till long after midnight they consoled with one another; often repeating the asseveration that never were woman so abused in all the world; and at daylight they took an unceremonious leave. If they were to appear in another scene, Louise would be venting her disappointment and petulance on the poor maid who plucked from her head the gray hairs preparatory to her re-entering society; and the mother would be discoursing on the excellent match which her daughter might have made but for one trifling circumstance, upon which she does not enlarge.

SCENE SIXTH.

The sweet, sweet May! God has made the world as it were new; the birds are flying wild with music, and the greenness on the hills and on the trees makes glad the heart. The silver moonlight of the April and the golden sunlight have been transmuted into flowers, and hill and valley are spotted with white and yellow.

About the many porches of the house we have talked of the jasmin grows starry, the lilacs are all purple, and the roses are beginning to show their crimson. The dewy clovers make all the air pleasant, and the young wheat gives a rich promise.

Sitting in an arbor, half in sunshine and half in shadow, is Victor and his young and excellent wife, the Mary of the cottage and the school-house. And like the light in which they sit, their hearts are touched with a mingled feeling of joy and sorrow. They are talking of Jenny, and Victor is making a troubled confession to the fair priestess of his heart. I need not repeat his words, but the substance of the story is this:

When he was young and careless, he was much in the habit of mingling with young persons more gay and careless than himself. Often it happened that he was away from his father's house the greater part of the night; but always, however late he returned, his good sister Jane was waiting for him. Often he resolved to amend, but the time of amendment came not.

At length, one dismal night, when their parents had gone to watch with the corpse of a neighbor

who was dead by violence, and the house seemed lonesome, almost fearfully so, he went out, as usual, and notwithstanding the entreaties of his sister that he would remain with her. There was an engagement which he must keep, he said, but he would come back early, surely and surely, he would. But wine is a mocker, and he forgot his good intentions, and the clock had struck twice since the midnight when he found himself at home. Jenny was not waiting for him that night; he had wearied out even her patience; and he, with a mind sick with remorse, and a body sick with dissipation, went to his own room, and was soon lost in an insane dream. He would go and watch with his sister now to atone for all her watching. So gathering the sheet about him, he went softly to her room, and, without speaking or making any noise, sat down on her bedside. Poor Jenny, whose nerves had endured all they could with the excitement and prolonged watching of the night, awoke, and saw what she supposed to be her brother's ghost—such, at least, was the supposition, for from that night her reason was gone. Then, indeed, came the reformation and the life of atonement, or of all the atonement that was possible.

And Mary wept as she heard the story; but smiled again as her three little brothers burst laughing into the bower, and, training the jasmine, she saw Jenny talking the while with her own good mother, who was smiling at last.

WHO IS WISE?

I ASKED the statesman, "Who is wise?" He replied, "The man who best understands the fundamental principles of civil and political government."

The man of the sword responds, "He is wise who can vanquish an army more powerful than his own."

The miser thought, that every one knew that the wise man was he who gets much and spends nothing.

The man of letters informed me, that he was wise who felt himself perfectly at home in the whole circle of the arts and sciences.

The physician said, "He is wise who is successful in removing the diseases of the human system."

I heard these and various other replies, and being dissatisfied with all, I sought the Bible, and with augmented earnestness I repeated my inquiry, "*Who is wise?*" and I met this satisfactory answer, "*He that winneth souls is wise!*"

DREAMS OF MY EARLY HOME.

BY MISS MARY M. ROBERTSON.

Lost in deepest meditation,
 Through the land of dreams I roam,
 And the wings of fancy bear me
 To my early childhood's home.
 Lost to all that now surrounds me,
 Still on memory's page I gaze;
 There portrayed in glowing colors
 Are the scenes of other days.
 O, it is a lovely picture!
 Verdant plains before me lie;
 Hills in beautiful confusion,
 Ranged along the western sky.
 Now a sound so sweet salutes me,
 Sure to music 'tis allied—
 'Tis the song of many streamlets
 Wand'ring down the mountain-side.
 Now from rock to rock they're falling,
 Sparkling in the sunshine's glow;
 Pure and sweet the crystal waters—
 How I love to see them flow!
 Now they're lost in cooling shadows
 Of the thickly clustering trees;
 Rippling on and gently murmur'ing,
 Slightly ruffled by the breeze.
 In yon green and shady corner
 Children form a joyous ring;
 Some are listening to the echoes,
 While the others laugh and sing.
 I'm among the gleeful prattlers,
 Happy as in days of yore;
 For the scene is all ideal,
 And I am a child once more.
 Beautiful the ivy flowers,
 O'er the rocky cliffs they climb;
 Sweetly in the woodland bowers
 Blooms the sweet, wild jessamine.
 Sweet the breath of gentle zephyrs
 Wafted from the orchard-trees:
 'Tis the early dawn of summer;
 Fragrance floats on ev'ry breeze.
 Happy children! we've been wand'ring
 Through the vales and o'er the lawn;
 Crown'd with flowers, we're returning,
 For the hour of eve has come.
 O'er the plains and in the valleys
 Shades are deepening into night;
 But on yonder lofty mountain
 Still there linger beams of light.
 O'er these lovely scenes of mem'ry
 How delighted do I range!
 But, when turning to the present,
 O, how wondrous seems the change!
 Still the mountains stand in grandeur;
 Still the little streams are there;
 Still the flow'rets bloom in beauty,
 Filling with perfume the air;

But how broken is the number
 Of those happy childish bands!
 Some lie cold in death's deep slumber;
 Others roam in foreign lands.
 Yes, the dearest ties are severed
 Ne'er to be united here;
 But I trust we'll meet together
 In a land more bright and fair.
 There the scene is ever glowing;
 There no gloom obscures the sky;
 There in bright, immortal beauty
 Flowers blossom ne'er to die.

A LAY OF LIFE.

BY MRS. H. BENTON.

FANCY sang in airy lightness
 Siren songs of melody,
 While she wove chameleon brightness
 In the woof of life for me.
 "List," she whispered, "Life's a river,
 Gliding on 'twixt banks of flowers,
 And the midnight shadeth never
 Round her bright Elysian bowers."
 Surely, thought I, there's no sorrow
 In a dream so passing fair,
 But each bright returning morrow
 Brings of joy a richer share.
 To my lip she press'd a beaker,
 Brimming o'er with nectar sweet;
 Saw not I nor fear, nor breaker,
 Where the flower and wavelet meet.
 Then I launched out gayly, gladly,
 O'er the wave my little bark;
 But the waters dash now sadly,
 And the clouds seem growing dark.
 There are thousands round me sailing,
 That my charmer hath beguil'd;
 But their rosy dreams are paling
 'Mid the tempest, dark and wild.
 Now I in my bark am sitting,
 'Mid the wrecks of Fancy's joy—
 All her brightest hopes seem fleeting—
 All her sweetest soonest cloy.
 I am shrinking—yes, am shrinking—
 From the fever-cup of care,
 Which the busy throng seem drinking,
 Chasing after bubbles fair.
 O, they say the home of angels
 Is so very, very bright,
 Where the holy, pure evangels
 Shed around their perfect light!
 I am sighing—groaning, sighing—
 For the land of glory there;
 Where the spirit knows no cloying,
 Knows no fever-cup of care.

RUSSIAN HOME-LIFE.

AN English lady who, for ten years, was domesticated among the Russians, and did not quit their country till some time after the commencement of the present war, has just published—under the title of “An Englishwoman in Russia”—three hundred and fifty pages of information upon the actual state of society in that empire. The book confirms ideas familiar to many people; but, inasmuch as it does this in the most satisfactory way, wholly by illustrations drawn from personal experience or information of a trustworthy kind, its value is equal to its interest. Having read it we lay it down, and here make note of some of the impressions it has left upon us.

The Czar of Russia practically stands before the greater number of his subjects as a little more than God. “The Czar is near—God is far off,” is a common Russian saying. “God and the Czar knows it,” is the Russian for our “Heaven knows!” A gentleman, describing one evening the Emperor’s reception on the route to Moscow, said, “I assure you, it was gratifying in the extreme; for the peasants kneeled as he passed, just as if he were the Almighty himself.” And who shall contradict this deity? Our countrywoman was once at the opera when the Emperor was graciously disposed to applaud Madame Castellan by the clapping of his hands. Immediately some one hissed. He repeated his applause; the hiss was repeated. His Majesty stood up—looked round the house with dignity—and, for the third time, solemnly clapped his hands. The hiss followed again. Then a tremendous scuffle overhead. The police had caught the impious offender. An example of another kind was made by a young lady whose brother was killed at Kalafat, and who, on receiving news of his death, smiled, and said, “She was rejoiced to hear it, as he had died for the Emperor.” Imperial munificence rewarded her with a splendid dowry, and the assurance that her future fortune should be cared for.

There is need now to encourage a show of patriotism. The Englishwoman who, on her return, found London streets as full of peace as when she quitted them, had left St. Petersburg wearing a far different aspect. Long lines of cannon and ammunition wagons drawn up here and there; parks of artillery continually dragged about; outworks being constructed; regiments marching in and out; whole armies submitting to inspection and departing on their mission, told of the deadly struggle to which the Czar’s

ambition had committed him. There was no hour in which wretched recruits might not be seen tramping in wearily, by hundreds and by thousands, to receive the Emperor’s approval. It is hard for us in this country to conceive the misery attending the terrible conscriptions which plague the subjects of the Russian empire. Except recruits, hardly a young man is to be seen in any of the villages; the post-roads are being all mended by women and girls. Men taken from their homes and families leave behind among the women broken ties and the foundation of a dreadful mass of vice and immorality. It is fearful enough under ordinary circumstances. “True communism,” says a Russian noble, “is to be found only in Russia.”

One morning a poor woman went crying bitterly to the Englishwoman, saying that her two nephews had just been forced from her house to go into the army. “I tried”—we leave the relator of these things to speak in her own impressive words—“I tried to console her, saying that they would return when the war was over; but this only made her more distressed. ‘No, no!’ exclaimed she, in the deepest sorrow, ‘they will never come back again; the Russians are beaten in every place.’ Till lately the lower classes were always convinced that the Emperor’s troops were invincible; but it seems, by what she said, that even *they* have got to know something of the truth. A foreigner in St. Petersburg informed me that he had ‘gone to see the recruits that morning, but there did not seem to be much patriotism among them: there was nothing but sobs and tears to be seen among those who were pronounced fit for service, while the rejected ones were frantic with delight, and bowed and crossed themselves with the greatest gratitude.’” Reviews were being held almost daily when the Englishwoman left, and she was told that, on one occasion, when reviewing troops destined for the south, the Emperor was struck with the forlorn and dejected air of the poor sheep whom he was sending to the slaughter.

“Hold your heads up!” he exclaimed, angrily. “Why do you look so miserable? There is nothing to cause you to look so.” There is something to cause *him* to be so, we are very much disposed to think.

But we did not mean to tell about the war. The vast empire over which the Czar has rule is in a half-civilized—it would be almost more correct to say—in an uncivilized state. Great navigable rivers roll useless through extensive wilds. Except the excellent roads that connect St. Petersburg with Moscow and with Warsaw,

and a few fragments of road serving as drives in the immediate vicinity of these towns, there are no roads at all in Russia that are roads in any civilized sense. The post-roads of the empire are clearings through wood, with boughs of trees laid here and there, tracks over steppes and through morasses. There is every-where the grandeur of nature; but it is the grandeur of its solitudes. A few huts surround government post-stations, and small brick houses at intervals of fifteen or twenty miles along the routes are the halting-places of gangs destined for Siberia. A few log-huts, many of them no better than the wigwams of red Indians, some of them adorned with elegant wood tracery, a line of such dwellings, and commonly also a row of willows by the wayside, indicate a Russian village. A number of churches and monasteries with domes and cupolas, green, gilt, or dark blue, studded with golden stars, and surmounted each by a cross standing on a crescent; barracks, a government school, and a post-office; a few good houses and a great number of huts—constitute a Russian provincial town, and the surrounding wastes or forests shut it in. The rapid traveler who follows one of the two good lines of road, and sees only the show-places of Russian civilization, may be very much deceived. Yet even here he is deceived only by a show. The great buildings that appear so massive are of stuccoed brick, and even the massive grandeur of the quays, like that of infinitely greater works—the Pyramids—is allied closely to the barbarous. They were constructed at enormous sacrifice of life. The foundations of St. Petersburg were laid by levies of men who perished by hundreds of thousands in the work. One hundred thousand died of famine only.

The civilization of the Russian capital is not more than skin-deep. One may see this any day in the streets. The pavements are abominable. Only two or three streets are lighted with gas; in the rest oil glimmers. The oil lamps are the dimmer for being subject to the peculation of officials. Three wicks are charged for, and two only are burnt: the difference is pocketed by the police. All the best shops are kept by foreigners, the native Russian shops being mostly collected in a central bazar, Gostinnoi Dwor. The shopkeepers appeal to the ignorance of a half-barbarous nation by putting pictures of their trades over their doors; and in his shop a Russian strives to cheat with oriental recklessness. Every shop in St. Petersburg contains a mirror for the use of customers. "Mirrors," says the Englishwoman, "hold the same position in Rus-

sia as clocks do in England. With us time is valuable; with them appearance. They care not though it be mainly false appearance." They even paint their faces. The lower classes of women use a great deal of white paint, and, as it contains mercury, it injures alike health and skin. A young man paying his court to a girl generally presents her with a box of red and white paint to improve her looks; and in the upper classes ladies are often to be seen by one another, as they arrive at a house, openly rouging their faces before entering the room.

These are small things, indicative of an extensive principle. Peter the Great undertook to civilize Russia by a *coup-de-main*. A walk is shown at St. Petersburg along which he made women march unvailed between files of soldiery to accustom them to go unvailed. But civilization is not to be introduced into a nation by imperial edict, and ever since Peter the Great's time the Russian empire has been laboring to stand for what it is not; namely, the equivalent to nations that have become civilized in the slow lapse of time. It can only support, or attempt to support, this reputation by deceit. It must hide, or attempt to hide—and it has hidden from many eyes with much success its mass of barbarism, while by clever and assiduous imitation, as well as by pretensions cunningly sustained, it must put forward a show of having what it only in some few directions even strives to get.

The Russian ladies have little to do but read dissolute French novels—which the censorship does not exclude—dress and undress, talk slander, and criticise the dresses of themselves and one another. Their slaves do all that might usefully occupy their hands, and they are left to idleness; which results in a horrible amount of immorality. The trading classes and officials talk almost exclusively of money. The enslaved peasants, bound to the soil, content when they are not much beaten, sing over the whole country their plaintive songs—they are all set in the minor key—and each carries an ax in his girdle; for which the day may come when he finds terrible use.

At present that day seems to be very distant. The ignorant house slaves, like the negroes holding the same rank elsewhere, are treated as children. A new footman, in a household which the Englishwoman visited—a man six feet two out of his shoes—was found to have an aptitude for breakage. He was told one day that when next he let any thing fall he would be punished. On the day following he dropped the fish-ladle in handing fish at the beginning of dinner. He

looked dolefully at his master, expecting that blows would be ordered. His mistress—put him in the corner! Their ignorance is lamentable. A Russian gentleman returned from abroad, where he had seen better things, determined to devote his life and fortune to the enlightenment of his peasantry. Their priest taught them that he was destroying ancient customs, and that his design was to subvert the religion of their forefathers. "The consequence was that the slaves formed a conspiracy against him, and shot him one evening as he was reading a book in his own sitting-room."

Sometimes they take vengeance upon the oppressor; and terrible incidents of this kind came within the experience of our countrywoman. The heads of cruel masters are sometimes cleft with the hatchet of the serf. They are capable at the same time of strong feudal attachments. It should be understood that all the slaves in Russia are not poor. Some of the wealthiest traders in St. Petersburg are slaves to nobles who will not suffer them to buy their freedom, but enjoy the pride of owning men who themselves own in some cases hundreds of thousands of pounds capital. The inheritor of an estate in which there were many well-to-do serfs arrived at it for the first time one evening, and in the morning found his house, as he thought, besieged. His people had heard that he was in debt; and their pride being hurt at servitude to an embarrassed master, they brought with them a gift of money raised among themselves, not less than five-and-forty thousand pounds, their free-will offering, to make a man of him again. He did not need this help, but the illustration still remains of the great generosity of feeling possible among this class of Russians.

The slaves detached from their lords, and living in a comparatively independent state, acknowledge their subjection to the soil by the payment of a poll-tax. Oppressive owners often use this claim of poll-tax as a means of devouring all the earnings of a struggling slave. Our Englishwoman met with a poor cook, who had served a seven years' apprenticeship in a French house, and earned high wages in a family, besides being allowed to earn many fees by superintending public suppers and private parties. There was an upper servant under the same roof with him whom this poor fellow strove to marry; but much as he earned, he strove in vain to save. Year by year the abrock or poll-tax was raised in proportion to the progress that he made; and the last time the English lady saw him, he was sobbing bitterly over an open letter—a demand from

his proprietor for more abrock, and an answer to a request from madame with whom he served that she might buy his freedom, naming an impossible sum that doomed him to continued slavery.

There was a poor man in Twer, a slave, born with a genius for painting that in any civilized country would have procured for him fame and fortune. His master, finding how he was gifted, doomed him to study under a common portrait-painter, and obliged him then to pay a poll-tax, which he could only raise from year to year by painting a great number of cheap portraits—he who had genius for higher and better things. "When we last saw him," writes our countrywoman, "he had pined into a decline; and doubtless ere this the village grave has closed over his griefs and sorrows, and buried his genius in the shades of its eternal oblivion."

The Englishwoman was present once when a bargain was struck for a dressmaker. A gentleman had dropped in to dine; the host mentioned that his wife wanted a good dressing-maid. The guest recommended one, skillful in dressmaking, with whom he thought his wife would part. "Well," the other said, "her price?" "Two hundred and fifty silver roubles." That was more than could be given; but the bargain finally was struck for a hundred roubles and an old piano.

Such a servant must be content to submit to much oppression. The mistress who parts with you in the drawing-room with a smile, may be met ten minutes afterward in the garden, her face inflamed with rage, beating a man before her, one of the serfs employed upon the grounds. A lady who lost much money at the gambling-table, being pressed to pay a debt of honor, remembered that she had not a few female servants who possessed the most beautiful hair. She ordered them all to be cropped and their hair sold for her benefit, regardless of the fact that together with their hair she robbed them of their reputations; cropped hair being one of the marks set on a criminal.

The boxing of the ears of maids is not below the dignity of any lady; but when the maid is not a Russian, there may be some danger in the practice. A princess whose hair was being dressed by a French waiting-maid, receiving some accidental scratch, turned round and slapped the face of her attendant. The Frenchwoman had the lady's back hair in her hands at the time, and, grasping it firmly, held her head fast, while she administered a sound correction on the cheeks and ears of her highness with the back of her

hair-brush. It was an insult that could not be resented publicly. A lady of her highness's blood could not let it be said that a servant had given her a beating, and she, therefore, bribed the Frenchwoman by money and kind treatment to hold her tongue.

Yet blows do not count for much in Russia; from the highest to the lowest, all are liable to suffer them. A lady of the highest rank, using the lady's privilege of chattering in the ear of the Emperor at a masked ball, let fall some indiscreet suggestions. She was followed home by a spy; summoned next day to Count Orloff's office; pointed to a chair; amicably interrogated; presently let quietly down into a cellar, where she was birched by some person unseen. This lady, whose story we have heard before, the Englishwoman often met; her sister she knew well; and she had the anecdote from an intimate friend of the family.

The knout, the emblem of Russian barbarism, falls not only on the slave or the criminal. A poor student of more than ordinary talents had, by great perseverance, twice merited a prize; but he was regarded with jealous hostility by a certain professor, whom he was too poor to bribe. Twice cheated, the poor fellow made a third effort, though barely able to sustain himself in his humble lodging till the period of examination came. His future hung upon the result; for upon his passing the ordeal with credit depended his access to employment that would get him bread. He strained every nerve, and succeeded well. All the professors testified their approbation except one, whose voice was necessary to complete the votes. He rose, and withheld his suffrage upon false grounds, that cast dishonor on the young man's character. It was his old enemy; and the poor boy—a widow's son—with starvation before him, and his hopes all cast to the winds, rushed forward by a sudden impulse of despair, and struck his persecutor. He was arrested, tried, and condemned, by the Emperor himself, to receive a thousand lashes with the knout. All the students and professors were ordered to be present at the execution of the sentence. Long before it was complete, of course, the youth was dead; but the full number was completed. Many students who were made spectators of the scene lay on the ground in swoon. From another eye-witness, the Englishwoman heard of the presence of a line of carriages, filled with Russian ladies, at a similar scene, the victims being slaves who had rebelled, because a master introduced upon his ground a box in which to thrash them by machinery,

and had seized him and given him a taste of his own instrument of torture. Need we say more to prove that the true Russian civilization is a thing to come?

Our countrywoman, visiting a monastery, was invited to eat ices in the garden. She saw how the spoons were cleaned behind the bushes—licked and wiped. Such ice-eating, with the spoon-licking in the background, is typical of the sort of elegance and polish Russia has.

One day the Englishwoman saw an officer boldly pocket some of his neighbor's money while playing at cards. Another slipped up his sleeves some concert tickets belonging to her friend. She and her friend both saw him do it. One day a young officer called while they were at dinner; was shown into one of the drawing-rooms, and departed with a lady's watch. Nothing was said to the police, out of respect to his uncle, who is of rank. Ladies going to a party will sometimes steal the papers of kid gloves and the hair-pins left on the toilet-tables to supply those who happen to come unprovided. Our countrywoman went to visit an old lady; and, as all the drawing-rooms were thrown open for the reception of visitors, thought it no sin to walk from one room to another for the purpose of examining some pictures. The old lady rose and followed her, watching her movements so closely that she returned to her seat greatly amazed. "You must not be surprised at it, my dear," said a friend, after she got home again; "for really you do not know how many things are lost in such parties from the too great admiration of the visitors."

The officers just mentioned were men holding employments under government. So much has been made notorious during the present war of the extent to which the Russian government suffers from the speculation and falsehood of officials in all grades that one illustration in this place will be sufficient, and we will choose one that illustrates at the same time another topic. The railway to Warsaw is dropped, because the money needed for it is absorbed by war; the only Russian railway line is that between the two capitals, St. Petersburg and Moscow. When it was nearly finished, the Czar ordered it to be ready for his own use on a certain day. It was not really finished; but over several miles of the road, since the Czar must be obeyed, rails were laid upon whatever contrivance could be patched up for the occasion. The Imperial neck was risked by the Russian system. While this railway was in course of construction, the fortunes made by engineers and government officials on the line of

road was quite astonishing: men of straw rapidly acquired estates. Government suffered and—the serfs. Our countrywoman living once in a province through which the railway runs went by train to a picnic. At the station four hundred workmen were assembled, who asked eagerly whether the governor was of the party. No, they were told, but his wife was. Her, then, they begged to see. To her they pleaded with their miserable tale for interference in their behalf. For six weeks they had been paid no wages, their rations were bad, and a fever like a plague had broken out among them, of which their companions perished by scores, to be buried, like so many dogs, in morasses along the line. Their looks confirmed their tale. The criminal employers were upon the spot, and acted ignorance and sympathy, making at the same time humane speeches and promises, which the poor men received by exchanging looks of profound despair with each other. Of course, the poor fellows continued to suffer.

Then there is the system of espial. In addition to the secret police—the accredited spies—there is said to be a staff of eighty thousand paid agents, persons moving in society; generals, tradesmen, dressmakers, people of all ranks; who are secretly engaged in watching and betraying those with whom they live. The consequence is, that nobody dares speak his earnest thoughts, even to his familiar friend. Men say what they do not think, affect credit of government reports which they know to be audacious lies, and take pains to exhibit themselves as obedient subjects.

Of the Greek form of religion we say nothing. Let the Russians bow before the pictures of their saints. We will quote only an anecdote told in this book, of a poor wandering Samoyde, a fish-eating savage from the borders of the Arctic Ocean. He asked whether his visitor was Russian, and being answered no, lifted up some skins in his tent which covered pictures of saints, and pointing to them with disdain, said, "See! there are Russian gods, but ours," raising his hand heavenward, "is greater. He lives—up there!"—*Household Words.*

THE GOSPEL.

THE Gospel is the fulfillment of all hopes, the perfection of all philosophy, the interpretation of all revelations, the key to all the seeming contradictions of the physical and moral world. Since I have known the Savior every thing is clear.—*Von Muller.*

THE LAW STUDENT.

BY REV. CHARLES COLLINS, D. D.

"Whom the gods love, die young," was said of yore,
And many deaths do they escape in this;
The death of friends, and that which slays e'en more,
The death of Friendship, Love, Youth—all that is,
Except mere breath; and since the silent shore
Awaits at last even those who longest miss
The old Archer's shafts, perhaps the early grave,
Which men weep over, may be meant to save."

THE above strain from a noble harp, now, alas! silent forever, is *poetical*, albeit no sentiment of Christian *piety* breathes through the mellifluous lines. An early grave! What solemn interest, what associations of melancholy thought rush into the mind almost unbidden, and cluster around the narrow home where sleeps the dust of the early dead! The opening flower, nipped just when its partially unfolded petals gave promise of the brightness and beauty to come! The heart, glowing with life, and swelling with all the delightful anticipations of the future, stricken with the fatal arrow, just at the moment of seizing the promised enjoyment! The long-cherished expectation of usefulness and honor blighted and dissolved forever! The yearnings of the young heart after the prizes of manly toil, and the outgoings of affections, tender and vigorous, as yet unscathed by the scorching blasts of the world, sending forth their tendrils like the vine, and laying hold on all surrounding objects—all bitterly crushed, and crushed forever!

An early grave is dark and cheerless, indeed, if no light penetrates it but the flickering ray of a godless philosophy. We may, indeed, thus escape the trials and mortifications incident to mature life; but poor is the consolation if the youthful traveler on this long journey is not provided with a heavenly companion. The Christian's hope is a light—the only light which can enter the dark valley. Yet the vain philosophy of this world condemns it. It is not suited to the pride of human learning.

Perhaps there is truth in the heathen maxim, that an early death is evidence of the favor of Heaven. Yet the ways of Providence are dark and inscrutable. Sometimes the young may be taken away by death in order to remove them from the *evil* to come. Sometimes the cup of iniquity even of the young is *filled*. Sometimes it may be God's *discipline* for the salvation of the *old*. Who is wise to understand the counsels of the Almighty? It is Christian, however, to believe that Infinite Goodness always holds the rod. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son he receiveth." We rejoice

in the Christian's hope. It is full of comfort, big with immortality, glorious. Its brightness penetrates the dark veil. It builds a bridge across the mighty chasm. It clothes all the attributes of the Godhead with the habiliments of mercy, and enlists them on the side of erring, penitent humanity. In the ear of the dying saint, when his frail bark first launches on the stormy wave of his final passage, it whispers, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." The distant shore it clothes with brightness and beauty, where happy spirits gather to give joyous welcome to the stranger just landed from his perilous voyage, and conduct him to the bright realms of his heavenly abode.

Reflections similar to these, with a sad admixture of pleasure and pain, passed through my mind, when, in company with a friend, I took a stroll through the village cemetery of Carlisle, in the autumn of 1852. We had then, after many years' separation, just come together in the providence of God to sustain official relations with each other. At times I love to visit such places, and indulge in the solemn and pious reflections which the dead and their memorials are calculated to awaken. To me there is always a holy influence which comes up from the grave. I never visit these places without feeling that I become thereby a better man. And, surely, if, as the poet says, there are

"Sermons in stones, books in running brooks,
And God in every thing,"

there are sermons—eloquent sermons—in the speaking marble and countless mounds of an ancient burial-ground—the city of the dead. It is the place to cure a worldly spirit and rebuke our pride. Here we approach nearer the spiritual world than any where else; and if our hearts are open to instruction, we shall find no difficulty in catching the voice that comes up from all these silent sleepers, telling us of God, and uttering in our ear lessons of duty, which it is the highest wisdom to know, as well as the highest virtue to practice. How little congenial these holy places may be to those who are absorbed in the world, or how much soever these feelings may be derided by the gay and thoughtless, I nevertheless love to cherish them. It is not sadness. It is not melancholy. It engenders no superstitious gloom. It leads me, for the time, away from the world, and opening the fountains of thought and feeling, I seem to be in another world, communing with God, and talking with the spirits around me. In such a place faith can scarcely fail to become purged of some of its worldliness, and to lay hold of

the invisible with still stronger grasp. Hope and Joy—twin-spirits in the sisterhood of heavenly graces—chastened and purified by this contact with the spiritual and unseen, become more sweetly qualified to bear us company in our pilgrimage on earth. We feel, indeed, as did Peter, and James, and John, on a certain occasion, and cry out, "Lord, it is good for us to be here."

In the cemetery of Carlisle is something to excite more than ordinary interest. Here are sleeping in silence, which nothing shall disturb but the archangel's trumpet, many who in life enjoyed a name among men. They were found in the higher walks of professional and literary life. Their Country called them to her councils, and Education, Divinity, Medicine, and Law acknowledged the eminence of their virtues and the greatness of their attainments. But here they lie promiscuously mingled with the unlettered sons of toil, whose name, perhaps, never traveled beyond their native village, but whose hearts were the equal abode of love, and the equal centers of domestic affection. The great leveler hath leveled all. The artificial distinctions of life which kept them separate when above ground keep them separate no longer. The fulsome marble may tell its tale of flattery, but all are sleeping where

"Precedency's a jest, and vassal and lord,
Grossly familiar, side by side consume."

As we wandered over these consecrated grounds, we at length came upon the object of our search. It was a plain obelisk of white marble, bearing this inscription:

CHARLES A. LEE.
Born in Maryland,
Oct. 28, 1817.
Died
in Carlisle,
Dec. 13, 1837.

On the reverse side was the following:

He was
A Graduate of the
Wesleyan University,
and a
Student of Law
in
Dickinson College.

It was the grave of a classmate and mutual friend, from whom we had parted many years before, in the heyday morning of life—when we had finished our studies at the Wesleyan University, and were about to take our places in the walks of life. We saw him for the last time on Commencement day. What melancholy interest gathered around that humble grave! what

thronging memories of the past! What anguish tore his widowed mother's heart as she flew from her distant home on the first intelligence of his sickness, but came, alas! too late! The melancholy satisfaction of laying her only son in his narrow home was all that remained of her lofty hopes. I see him now just as he was seventeen and eighteen years ago. No youth of twenty had a finer physical development or rejoiced in possession of a stronger constitution. With ample forehead attesting the capacity of his intellectual citadel, there was superadded a roundness and fullness of muscle, an arching of the foot, and a firmness in the knitting of his whole physique, that were quite extraordinary, and which made him the very soul of activity and motion. Surely, no one could then have predicted his untimely fall.

Successful in his studies, of honorable feelings and noble character, he left his Alma Mater flushed with high hopes of the future, a universal favorite with his class and those who knew him. Warm in his attachments to his friends, liberal in sentiment toward all, generous, ambitious, and high-spirited, there was just that combination in him of personal qualities which mark out the popular man of the world. Unhappily he was not religious. Though the son of a pious mother, the child of many prayers, and reared in the midst of the most enlightened Christian influences, his proud heart would never surrender to the invitations of God's Spirit. In college he passed through several gracious revivals, in which his classmates and fellow-students shared; but expostulation and entreaty were addressed to him in vain. As a man of the world life was opening before him with too flattering prospects of pleasure, fortune, and fame, and on these he had set his heart. His lofty ambition burned for the professional distinction acquired by Pinckney, Taney, and others of his native state. He could not think at present of giving his heart to God. But how easy for the Judge of all the earth to dash all human calculations, and bring the pride of man to the dust!

A brief period was all that he could spare for visiting his aged mother and family relatives, when we find him duly entered as a student of the Law Department in Dickinson College, under the instruction of the Hon. Judge Reed. Here his young ambition was pluming its wings for a lofty flight. But, alas! the spoiler was on his track. The fond visions of worldly ambition, in the counsels of God, were destined never to be realized. Not even a mother's love was permitted to soothe the terrible agonies of his dying

pillow, or point his soul to the bleeding Sacrifice which in health he had neglected, if not despised. Sudden disease threw him on a sick bed; strangers ministered to his necessities, and satisfied every want except that which is beyond the reach of human skill; but amid the awful consciousness of neglected Christian instructions and warnings, and the paroxysms of agony, which in his violent disease scarcely knew abatement, his soul found poor opportunity to call upon God, and passed hence to its dread account. In four short months from the time of our separation on the classic banks of New England's noblest river, that manly, noble form had been consigned to earth, and that noble heart, distinguished by qualities which men love to honor, had ceased to beat forever.

Though many years have since passed away, and the recollection of the stranger law student has faded from the memory of nearly all who knew him in Carlisle, there is one who still cherishes the memory of his manly virtues, and who ministered to him with a sister's love in his dying hours. There are others also, aside from his immediate family, who will read this sketch with melancholy interest, and, while it recalls the fading memory of one they loved and honored, will pay his virtues and untimely fate the honest tribute of a heart-felt sigh.

COME IN THE BRIGHT SUNSHINE AND WHEN THE BIRDS SING.

UNDER the tuition of Professor Caldwell we passed our early academic years. He was not only a faithful and successful teacher, but a pure-minded and devoted Christian—a man of strong faith, and in his last years especially of large experience in “the deep things of God.” He was, as the world would say, cut down prematurely, and in the midst of a high and honorable career of usefulness. But he died in the full and confiding faith of Christ. We have rarely seen any thing more beautiful than the language addressed to his wife when in the near prospect of dissolution:

“You will not, I am sure, lie down upon your bed and weep when I am gone. And when you visit the spot where I lie, do not choose a sad and mournful time—do not go in the shade of evening or in the dark of night! These are no times to visit the grave of one who hopes and trusts in a risen Redeemer. Come, dear wife, in the bright sunshine, and when the birds are singing!”

THE FIRST OF APRIL.

BY HARRIET N. BABR.

"O GOOD! to-morrow is the first of April; see if I don't fool somebody nicely!" said one of a group of bright-eyed children, as they sat around the fire in the early twilight.

"O, so will I!" cried another. "I'll tell you what I mean to do, only you mustn't tell any one else;" and the two heads were placed close together while a whispered communication took place. This was succeeded by a hearty laugh, and an exclamation of "Won't that be capital!"

I did not try to overhear any of their little plot, for the words already uttered had carried me back in imagination to the time when I was glad to have the first of April come, because there was always so much fun afloat every-where, even in our prison-like school-room; especially since we had been so fortunate as to hear that our prim teacher had remarked to one of her friends, "There was no use in trying to keep us in order on that day, for we were so full of the spirit of mischief that it would break out in spite of all her efforts."

As one and another of the school friends with whom I had played off little practical jokes rose up before my mind, I found myself dwelling with peculiar interest upon one who had always been foremost in every thing of this kind. Dear Allie Thane, with her mirth-loving nature, how much she contrived to enliven the monotony of a boarding-school life! We all loved her, and yet we all had to be constantly on our guard, for she would be sure to play off some trick upon us just when we least expected it.

A kinder heart than hers never beat; and yet her excessive love of mischief often gave annoyance, and even positive pain, to those dearest to her. Poor Allie! she still wears a scar upon her heart from the last joke she ever played. Had it afflicted herself alone, she would have recovered from it long ago; but while she sees in the feebleness of her friend a memento of that one thoughtless yet cruel act, she can never cease to reproach herself for it.

Before I open that one dark page of her life to our young readers, and show them how dangerous it is to imbibe a taste for practical jokes, because it may lead them to do what they might afterward earnestly wish undone, I will tell them of one prank she played from which no great harm arose. Nevertheless, I would not advise any of them to do the same.

Allie had an aunt living in the same town in which she had been placed at school, who was,

she declared, "as rich and as stingy as she could be." "She might give us a nice little entertainment every week and not feel it, if she only thought so," she used to say; "but, never mind, I'll make her give us a party yet—that I will—see if I don't!"

And accordingly we one day received cards inviting us to pass the next evening at the house of Mrs. K. That the next day would be the first of April never entered our minds; and Allie seemed so delighted at the realization of her predictions, saying, "Didn't I tell you she would have to do it?" that we could only admire her for the eloquence with which she must have won over the old lady.

Great consultations were there in our own rooms over sundry silk dresses and muslin ones, laces, and articles of jewelry; and when we set out in full dress, right happy were we in expectation of the brilliant rooms, handsome beaux, and good cheer awaiting us at Mrs. K.'s. Though our teachers always insisted upon our going at what we considered an unfashionably early hour, we were surprised at seeing no unusual lights, and no signs of festivity about the dwelling.

"Where is aunt?" asked Allie of the female servant who opened the door.

"In the sitting-room," was the answer.

"Well, show these young ladies up stairs to take off their things while I go in and see her. I suppose we are very early."

The girl had to keep us standing in the hall while she went for a lamp to carry us up stairs, for it was, she declared, "all as dark as tar up there;" and while thus waiting, we could not avoid peering in at the door which Allie opened in search of her aunt. There sat our hostess in a calico wrapper, beside a large basket of stockings, while her manner seemed to say her morrow's bread depended upon their being darned that night. I do not know what passed between the aunt and niece; but Allie soon called us down, and presented us to our hostess, who greeted us with, "This is quite an unexpected pleasure, young ladies. Had I known of your coming, I would have had the parlors warmed." We drew around the fire; the basket of stockings had been put aside, but not the old calico wrapper, which formed a striking contrast to our elaborate toilets. Just then there was another ring at the door, and more than one pair of feet were heard ascending the stairs, while manly voices said, "It is early yet; I'll be back in half an hour."

Mrs. K. looked at Allie, who exclaimed, "Girls, do tell me what day of the month it is?"

"There is the morning paper, child," said the aunt.

Taking it up and glancing at it, she exclaimed, "Why, aunt, it is the first of April! Somebody has fooled us. Who can it be? Come, girls, let us go home again. But how we shall be laughed at! Pshaw! I'm provoked. Come!" and she moved toward the door.

"No, no, you shall stay, now you are here, and I will try to entertain you, since you have been fooled into coming and I into receiving you."

"No, we had better go, aunt. I'm so vexed to think how we have all been April fooled," said Allie, with such apparent sincerity that no one questioned it.

"I tell you that you shall not go; so make yourself easy, and try and amuse these young ladies while I see about the fires."

Other guests poured in, and the parlors, which were dreadfully cold to our bare arms, in spite of the large fires that were hastily lighted in them, were soon filled. The servants were sent out to purchase refreshments; and before the evening was half over, no one who looked in could have believed the party an impromptu, though he might have wondered at the singular taste the hostess had displayed in dressing for the occasion, for she was too busy to change either wrapper or cap.

From what we saw of her kind-hearted though rather homely hospitality that night, we did not believe what Allie had said about her stinginess. And when we returned home, and Allie told us, as a good joke, that she had been the one to April fool her aunt and us, we felt really vexed with her, and told her that she ought to be ashamed of herself for playing off such jokes upon her venerable relative.

But now I must tell you of the joke which proved too serious. We had often had our hopes excited by letters handed us, apparently from our homes, which, on breaking them open, were found to contain only the words, "*First of April!*" A merry laugh at our elbow caused us to force back the tears of vexation ready to spring to our eyes; but when a letter sealed with black was brought to Ada Brown, we never thought of any "hoax," and our own cheeks grew pale with apprehension for the sorrow about to fall upon the heart of our gentle and already too much subdued friend. The letter was very brief, announcing the sudden death of her father, and ending with a request for her to prepare to return home that night with a friend, who would call for her in a few hours. She rose up calmly after reading it, and went to prepare for her journey. Allie said

afterward that had she burst into a violent fit of weeping, she would have instantly confessed the truth; but her quiet manner deceived her, and made her fancy she had detected its want of genuineness. We all wondered at her calmness, for we knew nothing then of the stunning, crushing effects of real sorrow.

Ada had gone to her own room. After permitting her to be alone a little while, we went to her, and found her still quiet, but busily engaged in packing. So long as there was any necessity for exertion she bore up; but when all was arranged, and the traveling dress put on, then her thoughts reverted to what had taken place, her fortitude gave way, and, before Allie could make her understand that it was not true, she had fallen on the bed in a fainting fit. O, how long she was in coming out of it, and how the wretched Allie wept and reproached herself for having killed her friend!

Even after Ada had been told that it was only a cruel joke played off upon her because it was "all-fools'-day," she was unable to rally from the shock her feeble frame had sustained. A nervous fever set in, and for weeks she lay at the point of death. Poor Allie, as she watched beside her—for no persuasions of ours, and not even the commands of her teachers, could induce her to quit the spot either day or night—had abundant opportunity to repent of her thoughtlessness; and as Ada would in her delirium clasp her hands, and repeat the words of that letter, which seemed burned in upon her brain, how bitterly did she deplore her fault, and earnestly resolve that this should be her last attempt at playing practical jokes!

Ada rose at last from her sick bed, so pale and thin that it made our hearts ache to look at her; and though we all congratulated her upon her recovery, we could not conceal it from ourselves that she was never the same either in health or spirits after that cruel shock.

Though Ada freely forgave Allie, and begged her to think no more of it, Allie has never been able to forgive herself; and I dare say if she were to overhear little people planning out tricks for the first of April, she would say, "Take warning by me, and do not cultivate a taste for any sport which may tempt you to trifle with the feelings of your friends, or you may thus darken what should be the brightest season of your life!"

AFFLICTIONS are the same to the soul as the plow to the fallow ground, the pruning-knife to the vine, and the furnace to the gold.

THE CHEMISTRY OF COMMON LIFE.

THE BODY WE CHERISH.

THERE are few greater marvels, indeed, than the changes which are perpetually transpiring in the human body. It is constantly undergoing dissolution; parts of it are dying every instant. The whole fabric is probably dissipated in the course of a few weeks—certainly in the course of a few years. In the range of a long lifetime each individual wears out several suits of bodies, as he does several suits of clothes. The successive structures we have occupied may bear the same name, and exhibit the same external aspect, but, anatomically considered, our present frames are no more identical with the frames of our early youth than we are with our progenitors, who came over with William the Conqueror. By what subtle mechanism our food is so dexterously deposited upon a certain inward and invisible form—if we may so speak—that it shall constantly reproduce a given individuality, with all its original peculiarities, is a mystery which science, perhaps, will never fathom. The houses we inhabit are pulled down, stone by stone, and yet rebuilt as fast as they are destroyed; all their furniture and fixtures are severally removed, particle by particle. The whole of each edifice is reconstructed in the course, we will say, of a single year, and yet no eye can follow the process, or detect any organic change in the architecture of the pile. Though the vital artificers are constantly at work, their operations are wholly unfelt; we are never conscious of the separation of particles, or the substitution of others. The masons and carpenters are never off our premises for an hour, and yet the chink of their chisels, or the grating of their saws, is entirely unheard by man. And still more striking is the fact, that the very organs which are kept in constant activity are themselves silently renewed without interrupting their functions for an instant. The heart is reproduced out of our food without losing a single beat, and without spilling a solitary drop of blood. The eye is taken to pieces, time after time, and the windows of vision reglazed, without disturbing our sight for a day; and new stomachs are repeatedly inserted in our bodies without our ever being compelled to close up the mouth of the alimentary canal, and abstain from digestion, till the apparatus can be properly replaced. That house after house should thus be rebuilt on the same site, in the same form, and with the same furniture, is surely as strange as if St. Paul's Cathedral were renewed from top to bottom,

year by year, without attracting observation; and its organ, its clock, and bells, could all be remodeled while it kept in unremitting play.

But as the body is composed of a certain set of elements, united in certain proportions, the food we consume must contain the precise ingredients required. Here is another marvelous arrangement to be observed. How comes it that men who have been dining for thousands of years in ignorance of their own chemical constitution, as well as of the exact composition of their viands, should yet have hit upon substances which comprehend all the raw material needed for the restoration of the frame? Solomon, with all his sagacity, knew nothing of fibrin, albumen, or casein; nor was Apicius, with all his *recherche* experience in cookery, aware that his fine dishes must resolve themselves into certain undistinguished elements, if they were to prove in the slightest degree nutritious. It is only a small part of creation that the stomach will digest. A Frenchman, of the name of Mercier, expressed an opinion that chemistry would one day be able to extract a nutritive principle from all bodies, and that then it would be as easy for people to obtain food as it is now to draw water from rivers. Dr. Armstrong, in his "Art of Preserving Health," says, "Nothing so foreign but the athletic hind can labor into blood." But this is poetry. In prose, our bill of fare is confined to comparatively few out of the fifty or sixty terrestrial elements with which we are acquainted; and it would be just as idle to attempt to feast on the others as it was for Midas to sit down to a banquet of gold. The difficulty of the question is also enhanced by various circumstances, of which we need only mention that the ingredients required for our frames are not supplied in a separate and uncombined condition—that is to say, as so much carbon, so much lime, so much oxygen, etc.; but they are presented in our victuals in such a disguised and complicated form that neither cook nor chemist, reasoning *a priori*, could predict what would be their destiny when subjected to analysis by the stomach, or brought under the influence of the organs of assimilation. Practically considered, therefore, the repair of the bodily house seems to be the most random work imaginable. We take pains to procure a dinner daily, but nobody ever asks whether it contains—as it were—bricks for the walls, timber for the floor, glass for the windows, metal for the grate, or marble for the mantle-piece. We must, in some way or other, contrive to procure iron for the blood, sulphur for the hair, and phosphorus for the brain; but at no table in the

kingdom do we ever find these indispensable articles appearing in the salt-cellar or cruet-stands.

How then explain the fact that so many millions of human bodies have been repaired without difficulty and without mistake, though errors might so easily have been committed, and though men appear to have been perpetually banqueting in the dark? We can only ascribe this remarkable result to a kindly Providence, which has not merely spread a splendid table for man "in the wilderness," and furnished it with a varied array of viands, but has also implanted a subtle instinct in the human system which, when it is discreetly indulged, attracts us to what is chemically congenial, but repels us from what is useless or injurious.

THE BREAD WE EAT.

In order, however, to exhibit this happy adaptation of food to the feeder, let us glance for awhile at the "bread we eat." It is the staff of life. It is also a key to the composition of all our vegetable fare. Now, if an ignorant miller were told that his flour would some day be converted into human blood, he would laugh at the notion just as much as if told that any part of his body could be made available—as it can—in the manufacture of lucifer matches. There is no external resemblance between the fine white powder which fills his sacks and the crimson fluid which streams from his heart. There is still less similarity between that powder and the brawny muscles that render him a terror to the whole village. Yet, if the man were to sentence himself to live exclusively on the produce of his mill—and he might do so without forfeiting his prowess, provided he retained the bran, wherein the most nutritive principle largely exists—it is plain that his flour must resolve into blood, and this blood must again become consolidated into flesh. At the first glance, indeed, an analysis of bread would only seem to render the mystery more perplexing still. The chief ingredient, in point of quantity, is found to be *water*. Nearly one-half of every wheaten loaf is composed of this mild and unpretending fluid. But it so happens that water is also the preponderating element in the constitution of solid men and women. Any gentleman who weighs one hundred and fifty-four pounds, will be surprised to learn that he has only thirty-eight pounds of dry matter in the whole of his body. Upward of one hundred weight of his humanity is literally identical in nature with the liquid which drops from the clouds or is pumped from the soil, after filtering itself perhaps through the nearest church-yard. If the water in our frames were not associated

with more consistent materials, we should have to live in buckets or barrels, and people would subside into liquid masses charged with a few soluble salts, and depositing a small quantity of matter by way of sediment. Strange, therefore, as it may appear, that our frames should be so succulent in their composition, it is necessary that our diet should correspond. Hence the natural fitness of a commodity which like flour possesses, and is capable of taking up, so large a proportion of water. A dry crust is in truth a tank of moisture. We drink bread as well as eat it. After the lapse of a few days bread loses its softness and becomes apparently dry. Most persons, if asked the cause of this change, would ascribe it to the loss of moisture. But the fact is, that stale bread contains exactly the same quantity of water as new. The alteration is supposed to be due to some internal action among the atoms; for if a stale loaf is exposed in a closely covered tin to a heat not exceeding that of boiling water for a period of half an hour or an hour, and then allowed to cool, it will be found to have recovered its youth, and will be restored in appearance and properties to the condition of new bread. In like manner, out of one hundred parts of lean beef, seventy-eight are nothing more than water mixed with blood. Apples, gooseberries, mushrooms, and many other articles of food, yield eighty per cent. of this catholic fluid. Three-quarters of every potato are simple moisture. Carrots are extravagantly humid, eighty-three parts being composed of the same liquid. Turnips should be sipped; they contain only ten parts of solid food to ninety of water. It is among the gourd tribe, however, that we find the most striking examples of succulence. In the watermelon, ninety-four parts of every mouthful consist of mere moisture; and in the cucumber you get only three morsels of substantial matter to ninety-seven of condensed vapor. Well might the old pasha, Mehemet Ali, consume a forty pound melon at a single sitting, and even treat it as an easy appendix to an excellent repast!

The second noticeable ingredient in bread will surprise the non-chemical reader almost as much as the first. He will find it difficult to believe that animal fiber may be extracted from muffins or biscuits, and though he admits figuratively that all flesh is grass, he may object to regard it literally as flour. Wheaten bread, however, contains six per cent. of a substance called *gluten*, which, when analyzed, is found to exhibit the same ultimate elements as the fibrin of muscle.

But besides the materials demanded for the

repair or enlargement of the tissues, and which may, therefore, be called the body-building principles, others are needed for the purpose of providing a constant supply of animal heat. Our food must contain a quantity of fuel, and not a little either, for as the temperature of the body is considerably higher than that of the atmosphere, averaging, in fact, about ninety-eight degrees Fahrenheit, we are plundered of our caloric continually. Now, every grain of wheat includes, if we may so speak, its own little stock of oil and coke; that is to say, it is equipped with a quantity of fat, starch, gum, and other substances, which, by combining with the oxygen inspired, are burnt within the body on the same principle, but not with the same fiery manifestations, as tallow or coal are burned without it. The proportion of fat contained in wheaten bread is indeed very small, not amounting to much more than one per cent.; but the starch, sugar, and gum exist in comparative abundance.

It would be impossible for us to refer particularly to the mineral matters, which bread, like all other perfect food, must include. Still less would it be practicable to follow the author while analyzing one substance after another, and indicating the properties wherein they excel. He concludes that our food should contain a due admixture of vegetable and animal substances in which the proportions of the three most important constituents, fat, starch or sugar, and fibrin or gluten, are properly adjusted. It is here that the wonderful instinct already mentioned, which leads mankind to mingle various articles of diet, so as to obtain all the necessary elements, comes into conspicuous play. Without possessing any chemical knowledge whatever, the stomach appears from time to time to have given strong hints to its owner, which have led to combinations as subtle and efficient as if they had been prescribed by the profoundest science. Why, for instance, should bread or potatoes form an indispensable accompaniment to beef? On analyzing the latter substance, it is found to consist of seventy-eight parts of water, nineteen of fibrin, and three of fat. These principles appear, as we have seen, in bread; gluten there being equivalent to fibrin here. But there is no starch in your steak, while there is much in your loaf. The fat, it is true, may to some extent represent this combustible material, but it will not supply as much fuel as is needed to keep your corporeal furnace in adequate action. Hence, by a natural impulse we resort to bread when attacking beef, or take the latter in flank with a dish of potatoes, these tubers—subtracting the water—containing

almost ninety-two per cent. of starch. So, again, when the quantity of fat in any animal substance is insignificant, it is astonishing what tricks we employ to obtain a sufficient supplement from other sources. Thus, we eat along with those varieties in which it is small, some other food richer in fat. Thus, we eat bacon with veal, with liver, and with fowl, or we capon the latter, and thus increase its natural fat. We use melted butter with our white fish, or we fry them with fat; while the herring, the salmon, and the eels are usually both dressed and eaten in their own oil. If the reader will take the trouble of consulting any popular cookery book, he will find that sausage and other rich mixed meats are made in general with one part of fat and two of lean; the proportion in which they exist in a piece of good marbled beef. Art thus unconsciously again imitating nature.

CORN BEER.

Chica, or maize beer, is a drink which is excessively popular among the mountain Indians on the western coast of South America. The mode of manufacturing it, however, would surprise us if prescribed in any civilized manual of cookery. The receipt is this. Assemble all the members of the family, and, if you like, catch a few strangers to assist at the operation. Let them seat themselves on the floor in a circle, and place a large dish in the center. Around it deposit a quantity of dried maize. Then let each individual take up a handful of the grain and chew it thoroughly. Spit the maize into the dish. Proceed till the entire mass has passed through the jaws of the company, and thus been reduced to a mass of pulp. Let it then be mashed in hot water and allowed to ferment. In a little time the abomination will be fit for use. So highly is it esteemed, that a polite native could offer no higher compliment to a traveler than a draught of the liquor thus villainously brewed. Strangely enough, the same process is employed in the Pacific, in the extraction of an intoxicating liquor from the ava root. Captain Wilkes gives an amusing account of the formalities with which the disgusting potion is prepared, the masticators, however, being required to possess clean, undecayed teeth, and prohibited from swallowing any of the juice under pain of chastisement. But it is highly interesting to note the chemical principles involved in these nauseous operations. Corn, as we have seen, and other grains contain a large quantity of starch. In order that fermentation may occur, this starch must be converted into sugar. Commonly the change is effected through the instrumentality

of a substance called diastase, which is developed during the process of malting. It happens, however, that the saliva possesses a similar power of transforming starch into sugar. Of course, neither the Indian nor the man of Feejee has the slightest conception of the chemical influences which are at work in his jaws, but, that people living at such a distance from each other, and acting in complete ignorance of the scientific bearings of their processes, should have adopted the same practice in order to obtain the same results, is one of the many curious and recondite facts which the volumes of Professor Johnston on the "Chemistry of Common Life" have brought prominently into view.

OPIMUM.

The effect of opium varies, to a great extent, according to the temperament and race of the individual. Its influence upon a man of obtuse faculties or inferior susceptibilities, is simply to remove sluggishness, and make him "active and conversable." Upon excitable people, like the Javanese, the Negro, the Malay, it exerts a terrible power, sometimes rendering them perfectly frantic. The well-known phrase, "running a muck," is derived from the Javanese practice of sallying out, when inebriated with opium, and killing any body who comes to hand. De Quincey speaks of the "abyss of divine enjoyment" which was suddenly laid open to him when he quaffed his first dose of laudanum. He thought he had discovered a panacea for all human woes. Happiness might thenceforth be bought at the druggist's shop, and bias to any amount kept in an apothecary's vial. But terrible was the retribution exacted. The dose must not only be repeated, but increased, to keep down the giant craving which was continually acquiring strength. At one period the English Opium-Eater took three hundred and twenty grains of opium a day. Coleridge says Cottle has been known to swallow a whole quart of laudanum in twenty-four hours! And the result? "Conceive," says the latter, "whatever is most wretched, helpless, and hopeless, and you will form as tolerable a notion of my state as it is possible for a good man to have. . . . You have no conception of the dreadful hell of my mind, and conscience, and body!" "Think of me," says De Quincey, "even when four months had passed—after renouncing opium—as of one still agitated, throbbing, palpitating, shattered, and much in the situation of him who has been racked." Verily, if the Turkish traveler carries with him opium lozenges, stamped on one side with the words, "Mash Allah," the gift of God,

the obverse might bear with equal truth the inscription—gift of the devil.

COCA.

There is another narcotic, and it is but one out of many described by the author, to which a passing glance may be allowed. This is the coca of the Andes. Rarely is a native of these regions to be seen without his little pouch of leather to hold the leaves of this remarkable plant, and a small bottle of vegetable ashes or unslacked lime. The purpose of the latter material is to excite a flow of saliva, and bring out the taste of the leaf in all its pungency. Repose being essential to the full enjoyment of the process, the consumer lies stretched in the shade, deaf alike to the commands of his master, to the roar of the predatory beasts, or even to the approaches of the flames which may have been kindled in his vicinity. Taken in moderation it produces a gentle excitement, induces cheerfulness, and seems by no means unfavorable to health and longevity. Taken in excess, however, it soon weakens the digestion, occasions biliary affections, destroys the appetite for natural food and creates a craving for animal excrement, disorders the intellectual faculties, and drives the patient to brandy—if he can procure it—to assuage his bodily pangs. Fortunately the use of coca is principally confined to the natives, whose gloomy and monotonous existence is undoubtedly relieved by its perilous juice; but occasionally a resident European is tempted into the vice, and becomes as pliant a victim as the Indians themselves.

"Young men of the best families in Peru become sometimes addicted to this extreme degree of excess, and are then considered as lost. Forsaking cities and the company of civilized men, and living chiefly in woods or in Indian villages, they give themselves up to a savage and solitary life. Hence the term, a *white coquero*—the epithet applied to a confirmed chewer of coca—has there something of the same evil sense as 'irreclaimable drunkard' has with us."

Coca is remarkable for two properties which are not known to coexist in any other substance. First, it enables the consumer to dispense with food to a marvelous extent, by retarding, as is probable, the waste of the tissues; and, second, it obviates the difficulty of breathing which is usually felt in ascending acclivities, so that a traveler, duly primed with coca, may climb heights and follow swift-footed animals, as Von Tschudi observes, without experiencing any greater inconvenience than if engaged on the level coast. Hence its value in mountainous districts.

ARSENIC.

Arsenic—the arsenious acid of the chemist—is known in this country as a tonic and alterative when administered in very minute doses, but when swallowed in larger quantities, as a rank poison, and, therefore, a particular enemy to rats and men. But what will the reader say when he learns that there are localities where this virulent material is employed as an article of diet, and that its effect is to produce plumpness of form, sleekness of skin, beauty of complexion, and a general improvement in appearance? Yet such is the fact. In some parts of Lower Austria, and in Styria in particular, the old stories of philters and love-potions seem to be more than realized. When a peasant maiden has fixed her affections upon a youth who may be insensible to her natural charms, she often proceeds to heighten them by the use of arsenic. If the poison is used with caution, never exceeding half a grain at a time, and gradually accustoming the system to its action, the effect is perfectly magical. It adds “to the natural graces of her filling and rounding form, paints with brighter hues her blushing cheeks and tempting lips, and imparts a new and winning luster to her sparkling eye.” Occasionally, however, the damsel may be in too great a hurry to extract beauty from the drug, and by augmenting the dose immoderately, she may fall a sacrifice to her passion or her vanity. Its use, however, is by no means confined to maidens. Though incapable of exciting the mental pleasure which opium and certain other narcotics produce, it is consumed very largely among the peasant population without occasioning any evil results, provided the doses are adapted to the constitution of the individual. But if the practice should be abandoned, symptoms of disease such as would ordinarily follow the reception of arsenic by uninitiated persons, immediately appear, and the patient is compelled to renew the habit in order to obtain relief from the ailments which spring up to torment him. It is the same with horses. Arsenic is given to these animals to secure a plumpness of body and a sleek, glossy skin; but if they pass into the hands of masters who do not patronize the practice, they lose flesh and spirits and gradually decline, unless the custom is resumed, when a few pinches in their food will render them perfectly convalescent. Like coca, too, this substance possesses astonishing powers in enabling persons to ascend hills without suffering from want of breath—a small fragment placed in the mouth before the attempt, and allowed to dissolve slowly, being sufficient to qualify a man

for very elaborate undertakings in this line. Is it not marvelous to find that a deadly material like this should yet be a strengthener of respiration, an exciter of love, and a restorer of health? Mithridates is famous for the facility with which he digested his poisons, but we never understood that he took them to improve his body, and work himself up into a handsome, fascinating gentleman.

SMELLS.

There is a possibility of compounding smells infinitely more terrific than any which nature produces, and of employing them in warfare either for purposes of defense or annoyance. Some substances are sufficiently atrocious in themselves. Swallow a small pellet of powdered sulphur, and it will diffuse a noisome atmosphere around the individual for many days. Take a quarter of a grain of a preparation of tellurium, and, though in itself inodorous, it will impart such a disgusting fetor to the breath and perspiration, that the dearest friend of the victim will be ready to indite him as a public nuisance. If a single bubble of seleniureted hydrogen gas be permitted to escape into a room, it will attack the company with symptoms of severe colds and bronchial affections, which will last many days. Indeed, it is only necessary to read what is said about a ferocious compound, known as the cyanide of kakedyle, to obtain some idea of the resources of the chemist in the elaboration of detestable smells. The vapor of this terrible substance is decomposed on coming in contact with air and moisture; and two of the most deadly poisons known to exist—white arsenic and prussic acid—are instantly engendered and dispersed through the atmosphere.—*Review of Professor Johnston's Chemistry of Common Life, in British Quarterly Review.*

MAKING A GOOD IMPRESSION.

NOTHING is more steadily pursued, or more adroitly managed, than the artful policy of making a good impression. We hide the worst and show the best, even before friends. But it is not by public displays that we are truly to be judged. If the public gaze could but penetrate the privacy of domestic life, it would perceive little to admire in those who are most ambitious of showing off. The shrew, the despot, and the hypocrite, divested of disguise, would then be seen in their true colors, with none of those attributes and graces which belong to the real gentleman or lady, who are always such, whether in the presence of company or alone by themselves.

THE FOUNT OF LOVE.

BY ELVIRA PARKER.

UNREGARDED—unrevealed,
Mystic, hidden, as if sealed;
In the heart forever flowing,
Though no trace of outward showing
Tells how fraught with gentle healing,
Is the tide and ebb of feeling.

Even I, although immortal,
Still a *dreamer* at life's portal—
Lured, perchance, from paths of duty,
By each fleeting gleam of beauty—
Feel, where'er this bliss is slighted,
Weary, mournful, and benighted.

O, my soul! misguided sadly,
By each impulse swayed so madly—
Turning, as if with affright,
From these waters of delight—
Where, O where, in Time's dominions,
Wouldst thou lave thy dusty pinions?
For when passion, sin-defiled,
Hath Love's purity reviled;
When the erring soul, once blameless,
Quaffs from founts no longer stainless—
Then we turn from God's creation,
Sorrowing in our tribulation.

Yet, amid this heart-life dreary,
We may find, when worn and weary,
'Mid sweet hopes forever blushing,
In their purity outgushing,
Founts of love, with richest blessing,
All our cares and woes redressing.

As the bird, with tired wing roaming,
Hastens back at twilight's gloaming,
So, my spirit, to the fountain
Flowing from the sacred mountain,
Haste, that, when earth's ties are riven,
Joys celestial may be given!

THE WORLD ABOVE.

BY REV. C. HARTLEY.

The world above is not like this,
So dark, so sad, and drear;
O, no, for there the years of bliss
Roll on without a tear!
No gloom, no night, nor cloud of grief,
Can ever cast a shade
Across those sunny plains of peace,
In light and love array'd!

The world above is not like this—
Here death's dread power is seen,
And serpents 'round our pathway hiss,
And poison many a scene;
But death's dark form is not reveal'd
Amidst the ranks on high—
No hissing serpent lies concealed
In bowers beyond the sky.

The world above is not like this—
No parting tears are shed,
Nor sweet affection's lingering kias
Bestow'd upon the dead;
There sever'd hearts unite again
In love around the throne,
And far beyond this world of pain
Take up their crown and home!

The world above is not like this—
There, 'mid unfading flowers,
The buds of hope destroy'd in this
Expand in heavenly bowers;
There blending perfumes from the fields
And landscapes of the blest,
Unmingled joy and pleasure yields,
With love's ecstatic zest.

O, for a harp in that bright world,
Far from the tears of this!
Here death's black banners are unfurl'd
To shade each hour of bliss;
But there each spirit-harp will thrill
With music's endless tones,
And Jesus' smile forever fill
With light our angel homes.

THE SNOW-FLAKE.

BY MRS. S. K. FURMAN.

BEAUTIFUL snow-flakes, so pearly and white!
Silently dropping on earth's cheerless breast;
Fairy-like jewels, of radiant light,
Nature arraying in pure robes of rest;
Wreathing a crown for the dark wint'ry night—
Beautiful snow-flakes, so pearly and white!

From your cloud-home, with a velvety tread,
Swiftly ye come with the deep moaning breeze;
Garlands ye've wrought for the rock's hoary head;
Downy plumes hang from the dark forest-trees;
All things are clad with a soft, peerless spread,
From your cloud-home, with a velvety tread.

Brightly ye flit over garden and lane,
Draping with festoons the bare vine and bowers;
Tracing anon on my low window pane
Delicate prints of your beautiful showers;
Mystical forms on the upland and plain,
Say ye have cloth'd them with winter again.

Light be your footfalls at penury's door;
Softly, pass softly each lowly cot by;
Seek not to enter the homes of the poor;
Lo, in your path is the mendicant's cry;
Smiles they have none, but in tears evermore,
Oft ye may find the lone, penniless poor.

But the pale moon, through her snow-vail to-night,
Lights my sad vision to yon little mound;
When last ye lay on the earth's dreary blight,
Safe on our bosom *her* sweet rest she found;
But ye are weaving a shroud, cold and white,
O'er the chill'd breast of our *lov'd one* to-night.

CHARACTERISTICS OF MODERN FRENCH LITERATURE.

A BRIDGMENTS are notoriously profitless, meager and jejune; the attempt to sketch in a few pages the characteristics of a whole century of intellectual production must always be unsuccessful and unsatisfactory, and the more fertile the age the more inadequate must generally be the portraiture. Yet it can not be doubted that generations and epochs have for the most part certain distinctive features, at once salient and pervading, which, as they belong to the political circumstances or the social condition of the period—to those influences, that is, which most powerfully modify the intellect of the time and country—are traceable in all departments in which that intellect exerts itself, and give a peculiar cast and coloring alike to the poetry, the fiction, the oratory, the philosophy, and the controversy to which that age gives birth. More powerful still, perhaps, are they in deciding on what departments the intellect of the time shall be most active; determining its bent sometimes toward religion, sometimes toward speculation, at one period toward the realms of fancy, at another toward those of practical life.

The seventeenth century was one of vast mental activity and vigor. Few eras present such a galaxy of great names in nearly every walk of literature—great preachers, great poets, great dramatists, great moralists—Bossuet and Massillon, Pascal and Fenelon, La Bruyere and La Rochefoucauld, Corneille and Racine, Moliere and Descartes. These were men of various genius, of discrepant opinions, of irreconcilable tastes. Still, certain qualities and certain negations characterize all their productions. Their age was pre-eminently the age of settled, though not of earnest convictions, of unquestioning but scarcely of stirring faith. It was an age of *obedience*—when the yoke of authority weighed upon every channel of intellectual pursuit, but was not yet felt to be a yoke. The literary world then embraced but a narrow circle, and on that circle the influence of the court rested with a pervading pressure that was scarcely recognized as pressure, because never resisted. Philosophers speculated energetically, but always with submission, under correction, and within the limits which the Church prescribed. Literary talent was never more active, but it expatiated under the overshadowing authority of the ancients, and according to the conventional rules of polished society. All the productions of the times bore the classic stamp. They were “correct” above every thing. It is

impossible to call them shallow, yet they were scarcely profound. They did not stir the secret depths of the inner man. They contain no aspirations after the Infinite, no pictures of a soul in conflict with the primary mysteries of its being, no subtle questionings and gropings about the roots of the Tree of Knowledge, no “thoughts that wander through eternity and find no resting-place.” On the other hand, there is nothing wild, nothing morbid, nothing extravagant. The age has all the characteristics of a classic, as distinguished from a romantic epoch.

Other features, too, distinguish it notably from the age which followed. The subjects selected by men of letters were different, their interests ran in a different channel, their ambition was directed to a different aim. They were more purely *literary* than their successors. They were immeasurably more exclusive in their social sympathies. They wrote for court circles, and spoke of citizens only in the way of ridicule. Of **THE PEOPLE**, their wants, their pleasures, their interests, their sorrows, they knew little and cared less. The problems of social life, dark, sad, and disturbing, never troubled them. They never perceived that the world was out of joint, or fancied they were born to set it right. They aspired to no political influence; the only politics with which they had any concern were those of court intrigue—the miserable strifes of personal ambition; the government of the country was the business of the monarch—they did not aspire to share either his labors or his prerogative; practically to influence society, to modify or meddle with the destiny of nations, to put forth thoughts which should agitate, convulse, or reorganize the world, was a presumption which never visited them even in dreams. Their highest aim was to instruct, to amuse, to interest, to melt, to sway, the cultivated, and the great.

The seventeenth century threw its shadows so far over the eighteenth, that it is not till about 1746 that the peculiar features which we are accustomed to consider as characteristic of the latter epoch began to be prominently developed. The change which then became manifest, and grew more and more marked till the outbreak of the Revolution, had, however, been gradually preparing. Its seeds were sown before the seventeenth century was ended. The Revocation of the Edict of Nantz had operated as a narcotic on the religious spirit and religious literature of France. All the vitality which had of late so distinguished it died out. The Gallican Church had gained a triumph as ruinous as the victories of Pyrrhus. She had silenced or exiled

all her enemies and critics. But what was the result? "Where after this period," says Robert Hall, "are we to look for her Fenelons and her Pascals, where for those bright monuments of piety and learning which were the glory of her better days? As for piety, she perceived that she had no occasion for it, when there was no luster of Christian holiness surrounding her; nor for learning, when there were no longer any opponents to confute, nor any controversies to maintain. She felt herself at liberty to become as ignorant, as secular, as irreligious as she pleased; and amid the silence and darkness she had created around her, she drew the curtains and retired to rest." She became more exclusive, more narrow, more oppressive, as she became more unenlightened and unintelligent, till shrewd and reflecting minds could tolerate her irrationalities no longer; and Thought, thrust out from her gates with suspicion and dislike, inevitably took service with her rival. Philosophy, finding that religion would not own her or converse with her, became irreligious, naturally, and in self-defense. Nor was this all. The writings of the exiled Protestants, now free from any terror or restraint, penetrated, though partially, into literary circles; and among the refugees was one whose wit and learning secured him a partial and attentive audience, and had a vast influence in stimulating the skepticism of the coming age. This was Bayle, the very incarnation of the spirit of placid, relentless Doubt; to whom nothing was sacred, for whom nothing was certain; essentially a critic and a questioner; probably the only one who ever breathed freely in an absolute vacuum of faith.

Another cause operated simultaneously to liberate men's minds from the trammels of authority. The respect, the enthusiasm, the sincere but servile loyalty with which the monarch had been long regarded, melted away under the disasters, the follies, and the scandals of his later years. The great image which the nation had set up and worshiped so devoutly was at length discovered to be made of clay—and scarcely of finer clay than ordinary men. While young, gracious, imposing in demeanor, royal in his tastes, victorious in his wars, endowed and surrounded with every thing that looked like greatness, it was easy for courtiers to fancy him omnipotent and infallible, and to transmit their fancy to the nation. But when success abroad, and wise policy at home, began alike to fail him; when he endeavored to atone for the criminal and shameful license of his life by puerile austerities at least as shameful, and barbarous per-

secutions incalculably more criminal; when he exacted from those around him, who felt none of his compunction, his own rigid penances and his own formal asceticism, and prescribed a hypocritical and gloomy puritanism as the sole path to court favor among a keen-witted, laughing, mocking, pleasure-loving tribe—the overstrained cord gave way; the sacred prestige of royalty was gone; and power, ceasing to be venerated, soon ceased to be feared.

At the same time, a long reign of lavish luxury and splendor had done its work in other directions. Abuses of all descriptions crept into every branch of the administration, and were rife and riotous in every hole and corner of the land. The state of matters became too scandalous and too notorious to be endured in silence by any in whom patriotism and a sense of justice were not utterly extinct; the profligacy, both political and personal, of the Regency was such as to place the whole weight of public sympathy on the side of *frondeurs*, investigators, and reformers; and the same circumstances which stimulated assaults on the excesses and vices of authority rendered such assaults comparatively safe.

All these causes combined to render the eighteenth century as nearly as possible the intellectual opposite of its predecessor. It was essentially an era of reaction, of doubt, of inquiry, of antagonism. Literary activity took a wider range; literary men addressed a wider audience; the circle of readers extended, till something like "a public" began to be formed, and it became both the fashion and the interest of writers to address the public instead of the court. The wit and epigrammatic taste of the French aided this change. Royalty and religion, as they then exhibited themselves, offered too tempting subjects for stinging sarcasms and conversational brilliancy, to be spared even by men belonging to the government or the Church; those who profited by the malversations and administrative iniquities of the period were yet among the first to hold them up to ridicule; statesmen, generals, and nobles preferred to be considered men of wit and letters rather than men of quality; and, for the first time, literature became a *puissance* in France. Intoxicated with power and adulation; excited more and more by the indefensible abuses and the grotesque anomalies which every fresh investigation brought to light; surprised, too, and delighted to find how easily what had once been so powerful yielded to their onslaught, and how astoundingly what had once been so sacred crumbled beneath their logic; goaded also

by compassion for a downtrodden people and a zeal for the public good which, in some, was pure and sincere, in others, mingled with much alloy of baser sentiments—they became daily more daring, aggressive, and indiscriminate; they aspired not only to govern society, but to reorganize it.

Hence, the literary spirit of this age is in a most marked degree practical, utilitarian, and analytic. Hasty pamphlets took the place of elaborated works, and poetry was discarded for philosophy. It is remarkable that the eighteenth century produced no poet of eminence except Voltaire; and poetry was neither his especial *forte*, nor his principal title to renown; and much even of his poetry was didactic and polemical. The philosophy which prevailed was coarse, materialistic, and destructive—made for the special occasion—devoted to a special purpose. The reaction against despotism, which showed itself in literature as much as in life, was rather a hatred of restraint than a pure love of freedom: it cleared away many noxious and entangling weeds; but it grew no matured or wholesome fruit. It was the inspiration alike of Voltaire, of Montesquieu, of Rousseau; but in Montesquieu alone is it genuine, rational, and sober.

Literature itself, too, in becoming a means and not an end, lost its purity and completeness. It ceased to be an art, and was degraded into a weapon; and, as a natural consequence, style was far less regarded than of yore, for men do not sedulously polish swords which are needed for the rough, prompt use of actual warfare. The Encyclopedists it was who, with inferior weapons, and in a rougher, harsher, colder style, completed the work which their three far greater precursors had begun, and gave to the century its peculiar repute as an atheistic and destructive era.

"They made themselves a fearful monument—
The wreck of old opinions—things which grew,
Breathed from the birth of time."

Assuredly it was not an era on the intellectual phenomena of which the human mind can look back with either pride or gratification. Its philosophy was shallow; its insight was partial; its temper was cynical, bitter, and ungenial. Even in its most beautiful productions, there was a pervading tone of the meretricious and unsimple.

We are yet too close to the era we would judge, too much involved in its partialities, too agitated still by its wild storms and crowded catastrophes, to be able fully or fairly to paint its intellectual portrait. A few of the more marked and abiding features are all that we can

hope successfully to catch and delineate. And, first, we must observe that when we speak of the literature of the nineteenth century in France, we mean, with scarcely an exception, the second portion of that century—the interval from 1815 to 1848. During the iron but skillful despotism of Napoleon, there was scanty literary achievement, because there was no mental freedom; the whole period of the Empire produced only two celebrities in the arena of letters; and though these were unquestionably about the most brilliant and influential geniuses of the whole country, yet both wrote under persecution and in exile. They were in the age, but not of it. Of the thirty or forty authors belonging to Napoleon's reign, two only in no degree bore its features or submitted to its impress; and these two alone have survived—Madame de Staël and Chateaubriand.

It was otherwise with science, especially with the exact sciences. These flourished under the Empire. Researches into nature occupied spirits that might otherwise have been turbulent and dangerous; they mooted no menacing or disturbing questions; the knowledge which they brought to light might even be made profitable to the purposes of conquest and oppression. Scientific men, therefore, were honored, and science was pursued in a more laborious temper, in a more conscientious spirit, and with far severer exactitude than heretofore. There was less of brilliant description, less of mere poetic speculation, but far more of patient inquiry, of minute observation, of close logic, of comprehensive study. Buffon came to be read no longer as a naturalist, but as a consummate master of a fascinating and seductive style; and the contrast between him and Cuvier, La Place, Fourier, Arago, and Lapeyre, marks a notable change and a vast advance in the intellectual development of the nation.

A second peculiarity of the epoch is the revival of historical literature. In this respect the present century is greatly distinguished from the past. The whole of the eighteenth century produced only three French historians—Rollin, Voltaire, and Raynal; and none of these either are or deserve to be read now.

The historians of the present era have been far more numerous, and of a far higher stamp. It could scarcely have been otherwise. The circumstances of the age are sufficient to explain the strong tendency of its literature in the direction of history. Times so thronged with astonishing events and startling convulsions; so fertile in great deeds and great men; so rich in harvests

to be traced back to their seeds; so rife in characters to be analyzed and in problems to be solved; so palpitating with every intensest human interest—offered irresistible temptations to every reflecting and artistic spirit. Grand models for the portrait-painter; stirring strifes and agonizing catastrophes for the scene-painter; profound and subtle questions of a character to task the utmost sagacity of the philosopher; hopes, illusions, vicissitudes, and ruins to furnish the saddest and sublimest texts that ever moralist had to preach from—all these were scattered in the most lavish and bewildering confusion over the annals of a single generation. The only difficulty lay in the *embarras des richesses*. The wonderful wealth of materials was like that which Clive described in the treasure-vaults of the Indian prince. Those who loved to flatter national vanity and to depict national triumphs saw wherewithal to satiate the most ravenous appetite for glory. Those who looked with a cynical eye on human enthusiasm, on dreams of perfectibility and schemes for a regenerated universe, never had a scene of such awful disenchantment to gloat over. Those who believed in a supreme Governor of this earthly chaos, and who loved to trace the finger of retributive justice in the vicissitudes of history, could be at no loss for examples of the most righteous chastisement for the most terrific crimes. Those whose mental ambition took a wider range, and who aspired to construct a philosophy of cause and effect out of the chronicles of states, might not unreasonably flatter themselves that now at length they had a basis of fact wide, varied, and complete enough to enable them to build their edifice without the charge of rashness and presumption. While polemic writers of every predilection—the conservative and the progressive—those who believed in a realizing future as well as those whose faith was rooted in an irrecoverable past—might alike fancy that history could be made to speak their language and to combat for their creed, according as they fixed their partial gaze on the undeniable advances made, or on the fearful price at which every step forward had been purchased.

A period in which history was enacted on a scale of such unparalleled magnificence could scarcely fail to create a strong bias toward historical pursuits. Accordingly, among a cloud of lesser names, we find the eminent ones of Michelet, Mignet, Thierry, Guizot, Thiers, and Lamartine, as having produced, in this department of literature, works which after times will not willingly let die. The last three of these his-

torians, if not the most intrinsically valuable, are unquestionably the most renowned, though the fame of one of them may possibly be only transient. Each is distinguished by certain strongly marked characteristics. Guizot, a perfect model of profound and conscientious erudition—never taking his facts at second-hand, but preparing himself for every enterprise by the most laborious research into original and cotemporary documents—masterly in his *resumes*, comprehensive in his speculations, and unrivaled for the luminous ease and consummate skill with which he collects and arranges all the premises out of which his conclusions are to flow—is yet singularly wanting in one of the first qualifications for his noble calling: he is unreadable except by students as laborious and conscientious as himself. He is, in truth, less a historian than a professor of history—less of a narrator or painter than of a disquisitionist. His *dramatis persone* do not *live*; he understands them to the core; he analyzes them with an instrument of singular subtilty and finesse; but he can not make them exhibit and expound themselves. His penetration and sagacity are those of a superior, not of a sympathizing creature; his impartiality has in it something of repellent coldness; with great dignity of style and a sustained moral elevation, he manifests no emotion, and can, therefore, excite no enthusiasm. Nevertheless, his account of the English Revolution, or what we term the Great Rebellion, will always maintain its place—but a place, we fear, rather on our shelves than in our hands; and his two *Histories of Civilization*, in France and in Europe, are works of such surpassing and enduring merit that every one ought not only to read but to study them: it is a pity that any defects of style should have been suffered to make so instructive and indispensable a perusal a task and not a pleasure.

These defects are of a kind rather to be felt during a perusal of his writings than to be pointed out by the critic or illustrated by special examples; and we can scarcely avoid a constant self-reproach for feeling them so strongly when engaged in the study of such masterly and luminous productions.

The "*Histoire de la Revolution Francaise*," and the "*Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*," of M. Thiers—the one the production of his early youth, the other of his mature manhood—are both brilliant performances. M. Thiers is as free as it is possible to be alike from the peculiar merits and the peculiar defects of his great countryman and rival. His worst enemy can not deny the singular fascination of his flowing, incisive,

and pictorial style. His blindest admirer could scarcely venture to claim for him the praise of impartiality or scrupulous exactitude. He writes often like a statesman, oftener like a partisan; rarely like a grave and far-seeing philosopher, never like a frigid or honorable judge. He has, indeed, and pretends to have, nothing of the cosmopolite about him. He is emphatically and before all things a Frenchman. He sees every thing from a French point of view; he relies on French authorities; he draws almost exclusively from French sources; he overflows with French prejudices; he writes to immortalize French achievements and to exhibit French trophies. But his personages live and move; he sheds his own overflowing vivacity both over events and over scenes; he knows admirably how to narrate, to paint, and to discuss; and though no philosopher, he is a sagacious, acute, and thoughtful politician. His reflections, his speculations, his analyses of influences, his tracings-out of causes, are among the most interesting portions of his work. The interest of the narrative never flags for a moment, and even the disquisitions which he frequently introduces are so brief, so much to the purpose, and so admirably interwoven with the events out of which they spring, that they are never felt as interruptions. His summaries are wonderfully lucid; and his political science, though often shallow and fallacious, is so pointedly, brilliantly, and epigrammatically worded, that we are dazzled and delighted too much to demur and doubt as often as we ought. There is a precision, a sparkling vigor about his periods that scarcely ever fails to enlist us on his side. Macaulay himself is not easier reading. He possesses, in fact, nearly every qualification for a historian—except the chief of all—fidelity. No writer of our day, has been more resolutely willful in seeing every thing through the colored and distorting medium of his own personal and patriotic predilections. As he would trample upon every principle of right rather than that France should be baffled or eclipsed, so he would distort every fact, and repudiate every authority, rather than admit any thing that records her humiliation or dishonor. In his moral code, the love of country reigns paramount alike over the love of justice and the love of truth.

M. de Lamartine, by his "Histoire des Girondins," achieved a vast reputation, which has not been increased certainly, if even it has been confirmed, by his more recent work, "L'Histoire de la Restauration." Few works at their first appearance produced a more instantaneous or remarkable sensation; but it is more than doubtful

whether the next generation will ratify the verdict of the present. In any case it is not from the Muse of History that M. de Lamartine will receive his laurel crown. His writings, though dealing with historical characters and times, are not histories, in any accurate or fitting signification of that word. The first is a gallery of portraits; the second is a series of episodes. The portraits are magnificent specimens of word-painting, it is true; but the coloring is gaudy, excessive, and sometimes even coarse. The episodes are narrated, and their scenes described, with an eloquence at once imposing and seductive; but wearying from its monotonous and meretricious splendor, and paining from its frequent inflation and bad taste. An imagination so vivid and a vocabulary so rich as M. de Lamartine's are dangerous gifts, and need the especial control of the strictest moral and æsthetic rules. Unhappily this discipline has been signally wanting. M. de Lamartine is as unscrupulous as M. Thiers, and far more inaccurate. He evidently considers facts as of so little consequence that he gives himself no pains to ascertain them. Thiers distorts them under the temptation of a false patriotism, Lamartine under the temptation of a false passion for effect. In the delineation of his characters, in the selection of his scenes, in the concoction of his maxims and reflections, he has one object and only one in view—to produce a telling impression, to create an effective picture. Under his pen the Girondins and their adversaries assume colossal dimensions, both as to their talents, their virtues, and their crimes; when he approaches Brissot, Murat, Robespierre, or Danton, his thought is not, "What was the real character or career of these men?" but, "what sort of heroes of romance can I most successfully make out of them?" When he comes to the history of the Restoration, the case is still worse. He does not scruple to revive the old practice—long since condemned by our severer standard and abandoned by every writer with the slightest pretensions to fidelity or taste—of putting speeches into the mouths of his heroes, and even goes so far as to give *verbatim* the magniloquent conversations between royal personages at interviews which were strictly secret and *tele-a-tele*. Puerilities like these are unworthy alike of the gravity of history and of a genius like M. de Lamartine's; and we scarcely know which is the most surprising, that he should stoop to them, or that his readers should tolerate and applaud them.

Beautiful images, delicious fancies, fond languishing emotions, brilliant and exquisite expressions, are not scattered through his poetry—it is

crowded with them in overflowing and cloying abundance; they form its substance. An imagination so rich, a sensibility so keen, a lyre so sweet, has seldom been seen in any land; never, we think, in France. But his undefined and evanescent mistiness is even more remarkable. There is a nebulous haze about his verses which, beautiful as it is, is often disappointing: it is sentiment and thought not yet condensed into ideas. In reading him we feel a sort of somnolent delight, as if we were basking in soft sunshine, floating over smooth waters, and cradled by the gentlest of all rippling waves.

If want of masculine vigor and a healthy tone characterizes nearly all Lamartine's poetry, it is not so with Beranger. He is always lively and charming, alike whether his topic is patriotic, amatory, or bacchantic. Generally simple, nearly always gay, sometimes bitterly sarcastic, he is always plain, easy, and manly; we wish we could say that he was always decent. He is only a *chansonnier*, but a *chansonnier* of unrivaled merit. Unhappily, there are many of Beranger's *chansons* which are neither quotable nor readable.

Beranger has two or three characteristics which distinguish him from every other writer of his age and nation. One of these is the peculiar tone of his amatory verses. He treats and understands love as it was treated and understood in France before the publication of the "Nouvelle Heloise." It is with him not a passion, scarcely a fancy, but a pleasure. He is never sentimental: all is gay, lively, piquant, pretty. Nothing is morbid, but, on the other hand, nothing is serious, in his representation of human tenderness. Again, patriotism, not passion, is the source of his inspiration. He is essentially, like Burns, the poet of the people; he speaks their language—he shares their feelings—he gives utterance to their ideas and emotions. His style is wonderfully concise; every word is well chosen, every word is clear, and there never is a word too much. He owes, probably, much both of his popularity and his merit to the circumstance that he is an unlearned man, and knows no language or literature but his own. Certainly of all the French poets, he is the only one of whom we never tire, and whom it is never an effort to read.

In no particular of its literary life does the period we are considering present a greater contrast with its predecessor than in the astonishing number and still more startling quality of its romance writers and novelists. Of prose writers of fiction the eighteenth century produced only four who survive or deserved to survive—Le

Sage, the Abbe Provost, Rousseau, and Bernardin de St. Pierre; and each of these was satisfied with giving birth to one, or at most two works. "Gil Blas," "Manon Lescaut," "La Nouvelle Heloise," and "Paul et Virginie," are all that they have really bequeathed to us. The nineteenth century, on the contrary, counts its novelists by the score, and their productions by the hundred. Not to mention Madame Cotin, Mlle. Sophia Gay, Alfred de Vigny, and others, who were moderate both as to quantity and quality, there is Madame de Stael, whose Delphine will live long, and whose Corinne can never die. There is Chateaubriand, whose fictions, however, are rather poems than romances. There is Victor Hugo, whose power of harassing delineation is almost as unequalled as his flagrant and exuberant abuse of it. There is Eugene Sue, whose "Atar-Gull," "Les Mysteres de Paris," and "Mysteres du Peuple," have unhappily become notorious even here; whose conceptions and descriptions, powerful as they are, are regarded even among his own countrymen as having often transgressed the limits of permissible monstrosity. There are Balzac and Paul de Koch, Jules Janin, and others, whose numerous romances are strange exhibitions of genius wallowing in the mire—

"Of talents made

Haply for high and pure designs,
But oft, like Israel's incense, laid
Upon unholy, earthly shrines."

There is Alexander Dumas, with all his insane extravagance, perhaps the most readable of them all, whose marvelous fecundity resembles that of the rabbit or the Cochon-China fowl; a manufacturer rather than an artist; the stream of whose inspiration, though exhausted by the production of at least fifty volumes, dribbles on, still—a pump, no longer a fountain. Lastly, there is far the greatest of all since the author of "Corinne"—the lady who writes under the pseudonyme of George Sand—one of the most prolific authors of the day; the sterling stamp of whose genius is attested not by the number or the beauty of her tales, their deep thought, their still deeper tenderness, or their polished and perfect style; but by that characteristic which seems to be the exclusive prerogative of the highest order of intellect, by the fact that the current of her thought has become purer, profounder, serener, as it has flowed on; that she has gradually worked herself free from much of the turbid and unlicensed sensuality which disfigured her earlier productions, and that a manlier tone, a better taste, and a higher morality have grown upon her year by year. There

is yet a wide gulf which separates her from what we should wish to see her, and what she might yet become; but the woman who has traversed the space which separates "Consuelo" and "La petite Fadette," from "Leone Leoni" or "Indiana," need despair of no other progress.

But the fictitious literature of the age in France is marked by another feature far more distressing than its exuberance. It is diseased to its very core. Never before was so much talent perverted to such base uses. It is not only that the tone of sexual morality which it preaches is lax and low; that it expatiates with such complacency in equivocal positions and voluptuous delineations; that its whole tendency is to deaden the sense of duty and impair the vigor of the will; that every-where *sentiment* is extolled and brought prominently forward while *principle* is ignored or thrust ignominiously into the background: of all this we have had examples before in literature far less morbid and less dangerous. It is that it addresses itself consciously and glaringly to palled appetites and distorted imaginations; that it proceeds on the assumption—which, of course, it thereby helps to realize—that all relish for what is chaste, simple, and serene is extinct in the hearts of its readers; and that recognizing a demand for what is unnatural, extravagant, and bad, it sets to work to provide a supply without compunction and without stint. It is a banquet consisting solely of unwholesome stimulants and more unwholesome sweets. Each writer strives to surpass himself and to eclipse his rivals in the novelty and extravagance of the incidents which he heaps together; in his daring violations of every rule of taste, art, and morals; in his delineations of whatever can most startle, horrify, and shock. No situation is too grotesque, no combination too improbable, no picture too revolting, to be admitted. "*Cela émeut: cela fait éprouver une sensation*," is the language of praise, by which such writers are rewarded. Now, it is some inconceivable monster of iniquity, who passes in the world's eye as a saint, and receives the "prize of virtue," as in "Atar-Gull." Now, it is some character utterly and desperately vicious, made interesting by some single virtue or some redeeming human affection, as in "Le Roi d'amuse," and "Lucrecia Borgia," which, however, are not novels, but dramas. Now, it is some angel of purity brought up in a brothel and a cabaret, as in "Les Mysteres de Paris." Now, it is some scene of prolonged and minutely pictured agony, as that of the priest hanging by the leaden spout from the turret of Notre Dame, which slowly bends

under him for many pages. And so on through a catalogue of monstrous, harrowing, unnatural conceptions, fitted for nothing, designed for nothing, but to rouse an exhausted fancy or goad a jaded sensuality.

In one most important and significant respect the *tone* of French literature in the present century has undergone even a greater modification than its form and direction—in all, we mean, that relates to the religious sentiment. The prevalent spirit of the last age was that not of simple skepticism, but of hard, cold, aggressive infidelity. The unbelief of the men of that time was something more than a negation: it may be said to have amounted not only to a positive creed, but to an inspiring faith. Now, all this is changed; and without any close analysis of the difference, no one can pass from the study of Voltaire, Raynal, Diderot, Helvetius, and their collaborateurs, to the perusal of Madame de Staël, Chateaubriand, Guizot, Lamartine, or even of George Sand, and not be conscious that they are breathing an altogether different atmosphere. It is not that skepticism has become extinct or unfashionable. It is not that these writers or their imitators are believers, in our sense of the word: scarcely one of them belongs to any sect, or would be owned by any Church; but though a creed may be wanting, the religious sentiment is there. The poet felt it stirring in his soul; his muse was arid and cold without it; the historian read indications of its undying vitality in every page of the world's annals; the thinker, now that strife and passion had passed away, discerned how shallow, barren, and incomplete was the philosophy which sought to banish or deny it. But with the great majority of these same writers, even those whose tone is reverential and devout, religion scarcely reaches a more definite form, or a firmer foundation, than a vague instinct, or a strong emotion; it is poetical, not theological; it is the result of impression, not of reflection or research. "J'ai pleuré, et j'ai cru," says Chateaubriand. "J'aime: il faut que j'espère," says Lamartine. The religion of this last great poet is a sort of type of that which pervades the better portion of the literary life in France. It is an emotion of the heart—not the guide of life.

The improvement, as compared with the last age, is unquestionable. The feelings and convictions of rational devotion are not outraged as before at every turn: if there is not much more to satisfy, there is infinitely less to shock; and the gain that has been made good may be a step to further progress.

We must conclude this rapid enumeration of the principal distinctive features of the French literature of our day, by calling attention to one of the most obvious and striking—its exuberant, and, what Burke would call, its *quadrumanus* activity. For one writer of the last century we have a score now. The pen is the sword of the age, which every one considers himself entitled to wear and to wield—often, no doubt, feebly enough; often clumsily; often in a bad cause.

Perhaps, of all the characteristics of the time this tendency is not the least sad or sinister. A restlessness of spirit that knows not what it wants; an ignorance of self that knows not what it can do; a rebellion against wholesome restraints that shrinks alike from mental toil and mental discipline; a boyish vanity, that burns to gain the ear and influence the feelings of the public without preparation and without capacity—these are ill auguries for the peace and progress of the nation. Whence help and rescue are to come we confess we do not see. It is hopeful to know that there still exist many Frenchmen keenly alive to the dangers and defects of their intellectual position, and courageous enough to analyze and stigmatize them.—*Edinburgh Review*.

DEATH.

BY F. W. TAKER.

A WILD bird by a streamlet sung,
And on the wilds its warblings flung;
And as in echoes died away
Its deeply wild, impassioned lay,
It shrieked, and, fluttering from its rest
Its life-blood stained its downy breast.
The quivering wing, the glaring eye,
The heaving breast, the gasping sigh,
The look that spoke imploringly,
Were past, and lone the wild bird lay,
And noiseless as the silent spray,
That wreathes the waves upon the stream
That sparkles in the sunset's beam.
No more, sweet warbler, shalt thou sing,
Or greet the sun with upward wing!
No more shalt cleave the ambient air
Or woo thy mate from deep despair!
No more! no more! thy race is run!
Thy song, thy spirit-song, is done!
And still I gazed, and wondered where
The gushing life which struggled there,
And where the spirit that had been
The living principle within.

I saw a child—a fairy boy:
His look was love—his smile was joy.
The curl that nestled on his cheek
Seemed fondly, lovingly, to seek

Communion nearer with the soul,
That lit with most seraphic grace
The heavenly beauty of his face,
And yet had known no ill control.
Again I saw the child—he lay,
As sunset tints departing day;
The breath of summer gently moved
The flowing curls his mother loved;
His breath came quick, his eye was wild—
The mother bent upon her child.

When man is sealed in youthful bloom
An early victim for the tomb,
While fond, vain dreams of future fame,
An honored and undying name,
And ere required love's sweet flame
May lance afresh the bleeding heart,
But comfort none can more impart;
The flashing eye can scarce restrain
The gushing tear's unbidden flow,
Which speaks of hopeless, silent woe,
In signs that pride forbids, in vain,
From others' ken should all remain.

The maiden kneeling by the grave
That holds whom deep love could not save,
Hath tasted well the bitterness,
The lonely heart's deep wretchedness,
Which, soon or late, is known to all
Who wear life's ever-deepening pall.
But who shall paint the mother's pain,
While kneeling by her dying child?
She marks his eye grow strange and wild,
And feels she never more shall strain
Her treasure to her heart again.
And thus the fondly loved was lying;
Thus watched the mother o'er the dying.
O death! thou dread and holy thing,
Which prophets preach and poets sing—
Thou deep and dark inanity,
Strange guide to immortality—
What eye can know thee, who can trace
The mystery of thy dwelling-place?
Thou silent messenger between
Two worlds which own thee still unseen,
Say, is thy mission here of pain?
Shall mortals still the goblet drain?
And shall the bitter tear flow ever?
And shall the wounded heart rest never?
Say, art thou not of mercy sent,
To bring the soul from banishment—
To purify from earthiness,
And guide it to ethereal bliss?
And when, with intuition wise,
It joyous treads the upper skies,
Will it not love to linger still
Where mortals strive with human ill?
And will the child not come again
To soothe the mother in her pain?

MAN may dismiss compassion from his heart,
But God will never. COWPER.

THE SHEPHERDESS.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CLOVERNOOK."

THERE lived once, in a valley all fenced round with green hills, and beautiful with fountains and flowers, a maiden whose name was Myrtala. She was exceedingly beautiful, and rich in gold and silver, and precious stones, and gorgeous apparel, but she was not rich in wisdom. But Myrtala was a princess, and was held in great esteem by the people of the country in which she lived. Some, alas! were so dazzled by the splendor in which she dwelt, as to fancy whatever she said and did was perfect. To have been permitted to carry her train as she walked abroad would have been esteemed a great privilege by maids as fair as she and much wiser. But though she was a princess, and wore gowns with borders heavy with golden flowers, and had looks of admiration following her wherever she went, she was perhaps as far from happiness as the humblest child in the beautiful valley where she reigned, for in all things she had her will; so that it might be truly said she reigned, though the government was nominally in the hands of another. Nevertheless, Myrtala was sad, discontented, positively wretched sometimes. From all those who fell down and worshiped her, her eyes wandered dissatisfiedly away—the desire of her heart was toward the king's son, but he staid in his own dominion contentedly enough, never so much as sending a message to the beautiful Myrtala.

At last her cheek grew pale, and she feigned an importunate errand into the country of the prince, that she might be assured for herself whether the stories of his wit and wisdom were based in truth. "If I can but see him," she said, "I will bring him home captive;" for she believed herself unrivaled, both for beauty and wisdom; "for who would dare measure herself with a princess?" she said.

There were great preparations in the house of the princess, and after a long time, and the expenditure of more gold than would have bought all the poor of that country a house and an acre of ground, she set forth, accompanied by many attendants and maids of honor to serve as a background to her brilliancy.

All went well: the journey was safe and prosperous, and to crown her expectancy, the young prince, whose name was Salathiel, no sooner heard of the presence of Myrtala in his dominions than he went forth to meet her, and proffer entertainment befitting her condition. The civility might have grown out of self-respect and

propriety; it might have been a ceremonious show of the highest regard for the princess. For the first days of her entertainment Myrtala could not but repeat, "I came, and saw, and conquered," but the feeling of triumph subdued itself by degrees; for though Salathiel was in all things respectful, he was far from yielding her the homage she desired. When he plucked a flower for her she felt that his heart was not in its bright cup, and vexation gave harshness to her voice and a color to her cheek that was like angry fire, and, speaking as the foolish women speak, she said, "He shall not escape from the net I have spread for him; he shall see what authority I have in my own land, and that shall make him love me;" for she was devoid of that simple wisdom which knoweth that love can not be bought nor sold; that it must be won—not compelled. She never once thought, "I will strive to appear more lovely and more excellent in his eyes, and by continual kindness secure his regard." She never thought there was any thing for a princess to do except to receive admiration and flattery.

So the time of her departure came near without the accomplishment of that for which the journey had been undertaken. The prince had said many pleasant things, but he had not once said he could not exist without her; they had walked in the moonlight gardens and conversed in the glittering palace; they had listened to music and joined in dances together; yet Salathiel sighed not that the day of the fair one's departure drew near.

"I have had a dream," said Myrtala, "and I dare not return to my own country alone;" for she thought if Salathiel could see her at home, where she was courted as a queen rather than princess, he would fall down with the rest and worship.

"Five hundred strong men and five hundred armed men shall go with you, the half preceding and the half following," said the prince, but it would not do; the dream of Myrtala was a strange dream, and ten thousand warriors could not guard her so well as the prince alone.

Salathiel was a courteous prince, and when he saw that she would not be otherwise content, he made ready and himself attended her, as her strange dream required. Even yet the princess was not satisfied, for Salathiel talked, now of the beast eating grass by the wayside, and now of the bramble-flower leaning out into the sun; sometimes of his own land, and sometimes of the unseen land—the country from which no traveler returns—a clime Myrtala had thought but little about. In short, though the princess was carrying

Salathiel home with her, she was not carrying him captive, as she had designed to do. She tried to persuade herself, however, that when he should see what power she exercised in her own country, he would be desirous of forming an alliance with her.

The beautiful valley in which she lived was reached at last, and for a few moments the princess experienced something of the rapture of "a conqueror's mood." With proud satisfaction she pointed to the different locations of beauty as they went along, now close beside a winding river, now beneath trees coming out in the tenderest foliage, and now through a meadow where the grass was speckled with daisies.

The prince was delighted with the valley, for it was like a garden whichever way he looked; but when they turned aside, and, by the margin of a soft, full brook, went noiselessly on, he grew silent, too, and, locking his hands together, gazed earnestly, almost reverently, upon the glorious summer prophecies April was making; for it was April, and all the air was fragrance and melody.

Suddenly there came into the cheek of the prince a color brighter than the redness of a June rose, and the smile on his lip was as if a beam of the sunshine lay there. Sitting in the faint shadow of a tree that grew on the bank of the brook, her straw hat beside her, her bare feet in the water, and her shining hair dropping in half curls down her cheeks and neck, was a young girl minding a small flock of sheep. Among them, and nearest the girl, was a ewe with three lambs, two of which were white as snow, lively and bright-eyed as lambs may be, but the third was black with a white speckle in its face, altogether inferior to its fellows, both in size and beauty.

Myrtala was vexed, for such light had not once come into the prince's face as he gazed upon her. "I will spoil her pretty pastime," thought she, and directing her postillion to stop, she called to the girl and in harsh tones inquired her name and occupation. The girl replied that her name was Mary, that her mother was a widow who lived hard by, and that her only wealth was the sheep she was tending.

"Give me the two white lambs," commanded the princess, "and go straightway to your home, and should I ever see you sitting immodestly by the highway again, I will punish you with the loss of your silken curls and your head into the bargain."

Pale and trembling with fright the watcher of the lambs took the two white ones up in her arms, and as they lifted their meek faces toward hers in trustful fondness, the tears fell upon them

thick and fast. She dared not delay, however, and averting her face gave the pretty lambs into the keeping of the princess. So the little black one was left with the mother sheep alone.

The prince frowned, and watched the young girl as she went lonesomely home mourning for the innocent pets she had tended each day of their life till now. He frowned, but said nothing, and the face of Myrtala grew black with anger.

"He shall not escape me for all his frowning," said the willful princess. "I will show him that my wealth is as unbounded as my personal power." Then in her heart she formed a plan about the lambs. She would cause one of them to be fed on pearls and rubies, and the other should live in a garden and eat lilies and all flowers that were dainty and fair, and in her foolishness she thought that by such keeping the wool of the one would grow soft as silk and white as snow, and that the other would have its common lamb's fleece changed to a fleece of gold. She said nothing of this silly device, for she wished to surprise all her household with the metamorphosis of the lambs, and more especially did she wish to surprise the prince.

Accordingly she gave orders that the one should be fed upon pearls and rubies, and all precious stones and gems, and that one of the most beautiful of all the gardens should be set apart as pasture for the other; and after three or four days were gone she invited the prince to walk with her in the garden, that he might see and be pleased with the silky softness of the lamb's fleece. Past beds of tulips they went, and by roses hanging down their red cheeks, through neighborhoods of white lilies, and along walks bordered with flowers more than I can name or know, and at last near a fountain on a little patch of green grass they found a lamb, not with a silken fleece and cropping daisies, but lying stiff and dead. When Myrtala saw it she passed it hastily by and beckoned Salathiel to follow, but he stooped down and softly smoothed the wool of the lamb, and looked upon its dead beauty with a tender pity. Then to excuse herself the princess was fain to explain the royal manner in which the lamb had been fed and kept, and that the little brute owed its death to its own stupidity, and that never a princess in the world gave lamb such excellent and bountiful pasture as she had done. And when she beckoned him a second time he followed her, but with downcast eyes and a thoughtful brow.

Next they entered a chamber with a floor of marble, and ceilings and walls rich with elaborate paintings, and with tall arched windows of so

many dyes that they were like rainbows set in the walls. A golden basin full of wine was in one place, and silver plates were in others, on which shone nectarines and apples, mixed with diamonds and pearls; and, besides the golden bowl of wine and the dishes of fruits and gems, there was a bed of white satin spread softly and sweetly as if for a royal infant, and far away from the bed, lying on the marble floor, was the mate of the dead lamb—another dead lamb.

It needed not that the princess should, a second time, speak her foolishness. Salathiel understood the meaning of the rubies and the wine, and turning to the maiden he said, "Know you not that milk is for babes and meat for strong men, and that for the lamb of the field God provideth? There is no knowledge and no device that will change a dove to a raven, or make the crow cease his crying, or the wren complain like the owl. Learn of the dead lambs that you can not go before nature and say to the beast that looketh down, forego your instincts and gaze at the stars.

"Even men, who are made a little lower than the angels, are not able to let go the natures God gave them at first; for to one he hath given the capacity to handle nimbly the stringed instrument, and to another the power to search, and to reason, and to know. As one field brings forth grapes and another thorns, one flowers and another thistles, so are our souls, and only beneath the showery miracle of grace are their barren soils turned to fruitfulness."

Myrtala—being greatly displeased, first, that her lambs had not flourished upon her royal feeding, and next, that they had not yielded fleeces of silk and gold, and last and most, that Salathiel had spoken to her as though he talked to a child and not to a princess—turned away, saying secretly to her heart, "Thou shalt not be thus thwarted and vexed forever."

It was near the sunset that the prince heard, as he walked alone in the beautiful valley, a low lullaby song that wooed him like the voice of love—an untaught melody, but passing sweet. It was not like his dreaming of fairy or angel, but exceedingly human as well as sweet. He thought of the voices heard by Milton's benighted lady, but the song linked itself to good and not to evil. So he went forward forgetting the beautiful valley, and walking in a vision of poetry. At length he found himself close by the same brook-side where he had seen the maiden, whose name was Mary, tending sheep, and looking up he saw the ewe with her one black lamb, and close by the pretty shepherdess singing, and, like a rose, blushing at her own beauty. When she

saw Salathiel she was afraid, for she had seen him with the princess, and knew that he was like her in power. As she retired fearfully and modestly the flowers seemed scarcely to bend under her step, and the black lamb played round her gently and lovingly, and they both looked like a picture in a green ground. The princess, with her two white lambs seemed like an ugly shadow compared with her, having only one black lamb beside her, and being dressed with natural grace and modesty.

When she was quite out of sight the prince sat down on the bank by the full flowing brook, and mused till the roseate shadows of twilight grew purple and then black, but the valley was not beautiful any longer after the maiden was gone. The following day at the same hour he sought the brook-side again, and this time learned that the wisdom of the shepherdess equaled her modesty and beauty. There were gossips in that valley as well as in countries less lovely, and the knowledge of the prince's admiration for the shepherdess was soon brought to Myrtala's ears.

Then it was that her vexation was kindled to wrath, and working secretly as before, she caused the young girl to be seized as she tended her one black lamb, and directed that all her golden curls should be clipped off, and that she should wash and bleach the linen of her royal household. "We will see how the prince will like the seeming of his lady's hands and head," said Myrtala, and as much as she might in her anger, she pleased herself with the thought of his disenchantment.

Sure enough, as she had thought, he went forth on the morrow and found the poor maiden spreading down linen by the brook-side to bleach. To conceal the loss of her curls she had wound a wreath of lilies about her head, her pretty arms were bare, and the blush that came into her cheek when she saw the prince, made her appear even more lovely to him than she had ever appeared till then. But when he knew why it was that she was bleaching linen, and why she wore the crown of lilies, his pity grew to a tenderness that was not pity at all; and taking both her hands in his he told her that she who could be meek, and good, and beautiful in spite of all, deserved a queenly crown in place of a lily wreath, and, despite all the fretting and fuming of the foolish Myrtala, he carried her away to his own country, and after awhile, when he was himself king, she sat by his side dressed in royal robes, as she was with wisdom and modesty while tending the sheep.

We may not all be rewarded as was Mary, the shepherdess, but her story encourages us to per-

severe in the path of duty in spite of obstacles that stand in our way. In her natural gracefulness, tending her one black lamb, and after that bleaching linen, and her pretty curls all gone, she appeared more lovely to the wise Salathiel than did Myrtala in the midst of all her splendor. Ah me! one living black lamb, that has eaten only clover, is better than a thousand dead white ones starved on pearls and lilies.

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

BY G. M. KELLOGG, M. D.

Out among the starry islands—
 Out into a shoreless sea,
 Thou my friend art floating forward—
 Floating to eternity.
 Hast a signal? See yon land there?
 Show it to us if there be.

Are the islands pearly stranded?
 Are they lit with song like ours?
 Flow the rivers there to music?
 Are there golden-fruited bowers?
 Are there silvery falling fountains
 Sheening through the vernal hours?

Hand in hand we've trod together
 Nature's devious winding maze;
 Thou wert quick to find her meaning;
 Thou wert first the clew to raise;
 Tranced wert thou to follow thither!
 What new wonders fix thy gaze?

We have bent together over
 Rare old books with words so wise;
 Meet you there such unfleshed raptures
 In the library of the skies?
 Are there lofty, solemn meanings,
 Soaring fancies, ecstasies?

O how idle every question
 Asked by mortals of the skies;
 Earthward never stoops the spirit
 When its seraph wings it tries!
 Are the silly questions answered,
 Asked by worms of butterflies?

O thy mind was purest crystal
 Can I half its trueness tell!
 Like the magic of the diamond,
 Cutting sharply, truly, well;
 Or into the depths of knowledge,
 Cleaving like a diving-bell.

Few of earth's best joys hadst tasted,
 Ere away thou'rt quickly borne.
 All too fair the spirit's mantle,
 Which on earth by thee was worn.
 Like the tway-leaf's snowy blossom,
 Falling midst the dews of morn.

SITTING Musing BY MY WINDOW

BY MRS. E. O. SAMPSON HOYT.

Sitting stitching by my window,
 Half the clouded, win'try day;
 Sitting shivering by my window,
 From the cheerful fire away;
 Sitting musing—half complaining,
 Long I noted not the sight
 Of the beauteous snow descending,
 Of the brown earth robed in white.

O'er the dimly outlined hill-tops,
 Streets, valleys, woodlands wide;
 Far as faded out the vision,
 Far as stretched from side to side;
 From the zenith hights above me
 To the meanest nook below,
 Swiftly as a bannered army
 Swept the white-winged muffled snow.

Soon the winter's spoils were hidden;
 Craggs and scars were folded up;
 Blighted nature meekly drinking
 From her crystal-crusted cup.
 On the new baptized creation
 Such a sense of beauty fell;
 On the new baptized creation
 Seemed a hush of peace to dwell:

Sitting musing by my window,
 Long I noted *then* the sight
 Of the beauteous snow descending,
 Of the brown earth robed in white;
 Then my thoughts were lifted higher;
 Then I left the world within;
 Then from off my spirit's lyre
 Swept the clouds had gathered in:

Mused upon the bright revealings
 Of the earth so brown and bare,
 While I murmured, all unheeding,
 The without—so passing fair!
 O'er the dimly outlined future,
 Real half and half in dreams,
 Far as faded out the omen—
 All that is and all that seems—

From the zenith hights above me;
 From the world of better things,
 Armed with strength and crowned with beauty
 Came the love-infolding wings.
 Soon the soil of life was hidden;
 Cares and sorrows folded up;
 Musing murmurer meekly drinking
 From her heaven-appointed cup.

On the newly baptized spirit
 Such a sense of beauty fell;
 On the newly baptized spirit
 Seemed a hush of peace to dwell.
 Sitting musing by my window,
 Now the night infoldeth all;
 Still the white-winged beauteous snow-flakes,
 Falling, falling, still they fall.

EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Cabinet.

THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I.—“From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed: lead me to the Rock that is higher than I”—*Psalms lxi, 2.*

A few years since some travelers were journeying in the vicinity of the Pyrenees. Terrific storms are common to that region; and these travelers were alarmed by the sudden appearance of huge masses of clouds in the angry sky, betokening the approach of no ordinary tempest. While viewing these omens with sensations of terror, a sharp voice broke upon their ears, shouting, “To the rock! to the rock!” Looking round, they saw the speaker, a French peasant, pointing to a mass of rock near by, which overhung the road, and offered them a place of shelter. They hastened to this friendly cave. Just as they reached it, the thunder boomed athwart the sky, the rain poured down in torrents, and the storm came rushing from the hills, sweeping every thing from their path. Securely placed beneath the shelter of their friendly rock, our travelers, though trembling at what they saw and heard, escaped the danger. When the storm was overpast, they renewed their journey with hearts swelling with gratitude for their preservation.

In this incident we see how the presence of danger impressed those travelers with so profound a sense of their own weakness, as to qualify them to fully appreciate the value of the sheltering rock to which the peasant directed them. In like manner it would seem that the royal Psalmist, beset with difficulties, threatened by storms, and circumvented by the malicious schemes of bad men, felt himself unspeakably impotent. He had no confidence in the adequacy of his own power to overcome the dangers frowning upon him. Hence, casting aside all self-dependence, he lifted his beseeching eyes to God. Gazing on the divine Omnipotence, he beheld Jehovah under the image of a vast rock, whose foundations and summits were alike lost in the Infinite, and within whose shelter he would be absolutely and eternally safe. The idea met his soul's aspiration, and he poured forth his prayer, “From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed: lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.” God heard his prayer. He became conscious of the all-surrounding presence of the Infinite. His fears subsided; his heart grew quiet; and, confident of safety, he poured forth a tide of triumphant song, in anticipation of eternal participation in the joys of the Lord.

And what David did we may also do. When we are threatened by storms too terrible for our puny strength to brave; when disaster rolls like a mountain-flood upon our path; when fierce lightnings gleam angrily from our social sky; when adversity strips us of property; when unfeeling malice shoots poisonous darts at our reputation; when enemies misrepresent and friends misunderstand us; when death lays the darlings of our affection low; when we are left desolate and unfriended in the wastes of life—then, O, then should our eyes be uplifted,

and our voices heard, crying, “Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I!” For, in such hours, all strength of mind, all human confidences, are vain. The mightiest minds can not stand erect amidst the desolations of life, if unsheltered by the Rock of ages. Even Napoleon, though intellectually a giant, reeled and staggered like a tottering infant when he saw the hand of Providence uplifted against him—when he heard the storms of retribution howling around him. Then, though his will had always been like iron, he became weak and infirm of purpose; he hesitated, resolved, hesitated again, and finally fled—a melancholy spectacle of the helplessness of man when he dares the perils of life unprotected by the Rock that is higher than himself. His example is a lesson to all ages. It teaches every man to shun his proud habit of self-dependence; to learn the way to the shelter of the eternal Rock; to cry, with David, “Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I!”—*The Harp of David.*

A LESSON FROM THE FLY.—“Hast thou found honey? Eat so much as is sufficient for thee.”—*Proverbs xxx, 16.*

The fly, too greedy to be wary, sometimes falls into a dish of sweets, and crawls out, drooping, dispirited, and unable to use his wings. Long and industriously he plies his brushy legs, before his pinions are again fit for flight. Be sparing and cautious, Christian, in thine earthly enjoyments, lest thou clog the wings of thy soul. One incautious plunge into carnal delights may leave thee crawling in the dust, unable to rise into the atmosphere of spirituality, full of self-reproach, and loathing the mass of pottage for which thou hast degraded thyself, and diminished thy happiness here and hereafter. A single act of immoderate self-indulgence may render necessary long and diligent seeking for spiritual cleansing, before thou canst be free, and use thy wings, and again soar heavenward.

THE AGED CHRISTIAN.—It is a rare and precious privilege to sit down and listen to the language of a Christian pilgrim who has walked with Christ many years, struggling through trials and temptations, sometimes almost despairing, sometimes rejoicing in hope, always trembling lest he should not be among the number who endure to the end, but at length brought safely forward to the threshold of the heavenly kingdom. With what calm, deep-toned gratitude does he survey the past! It stretches away dim and distant to the retrospective view, but it is far from being a trackless waste.

Here and there, through all the course, Ebenezers arise and greet the sight, “like stars on the breast of the ocean,” awaking fresh gratitude, and hope, and trust, and enabling the spirit to say, “Thou wilt guide me unto death, and afterward receive me to glory.” Glory! ah, what does it mean? An endless existence at the right hand of God. Fullness of joy. The pilgrim in the early and the midway path obtains but few and faint glimpses of his future inheritance. His “Father's house on high” seems far away; he has yet much to do with

earth and its inhabitants; he must still be girded for the conflict, and ever on the standing watch.

To the privileged one who is *surely* near the goal, the noise and turmoil of life have passed away. The hopes it once inspired have long since departed. He looks on infancy and childhood with a placid smile, and says, "I shall soon know what the childhood of a new existence is;" on youth, and says, "I shall soon put on immortal youth;" on manhood, and says, "I shall soon attain to the stature of a perfect man in Christ Jesus. O, to Him who hath loved me, and hath given himself for me, to him be glory now and evermore!"

"Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose foot I long have lingered,
Weary, poor, and desolate.
Even now I hear the footsteps,
And their voices far away;
If they call me I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey."

THE WORD "SELAH."—The translators of the Bible have left the Hebrew word *Selah*, which occurs so often in the Psalms, as they found it, and, of course, the English reader often asks his minister or some learned friend what it means. And the minister or learned friend has most often been obliged to confess ignorance, because it is a matter in regard to which the most learned have by no means been of one mind. The Targums and most of the Jewish commentators give to the word the meaning *eternally, forever*. Rabbi Kimchi regards it as a sign to elevate the voice. The authors of the Septuagint translation appear to have regarded it as a musical note, equivalent, perhaps, to the word *repeat*. According to Luther and others, it means *silence*! Gesenius explains it to mean, "Let the instruments play and the singers stop." Wocher regards it as equivalent to *intra corda*—up, my soul! Sommer, after examining all the seventy-four passages in which the word occurs, recognizes in every case "an actual appeal or summons to Jehovah. They are calls for aid and prayers to be heard, expressed either with entire directness, or if not in the imperative, 'Hear, Jehovah!' or 'Awake, Jehovah!' and the like, still earnest addresses to God that he would remember and hear," etc. The word itself he regards as indicating a blast of trumpets by the priests. *Selah* itself he thinks an abridged expression used for *Higgaion Selah*; *Higgaion* indicating the sound of the stringed instruments, and *Selah* a vigorous blast of trumpets.—*Bibliotheca Sacra*.

THE TREE IN WINTER.—The roots of a tree are never stronger than in winter, when it bears no fruit, when it is clothed with no leaves; the sap then runs down into the roots, instead of being wasted in leaves. If it was always summer with the Church of God—if she had no trials to encounter, no troubles to endure—the hearts of its members would grow luxuriant and proud, and run much into showy leaves and specious fruit; but when the winter of adversity nips and pinches them, when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall, then is there a clinging close to God, then is there a fleeing for refuge to him "who hath been" and still is "a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress, a covert from the storm, and a shadow from the heat."

CARNAL ENMITY STIRRED UP.—"The carnal mind is enmity against God."—*Romans viii, 7*.

We read of a viper which hides its teeth in its gums, requiring good sight to detect them. *Simplicity* might

conclude them *harmless*. *Provoke* the viper: the teeth are instantly seen, protruding in battle array! It is thus with the carnal mind not only in some special instance, but the world over.

This enmity is not apt to slumber in a revival. It is like the American snake, seldom caught napping in hot weather. In cold weather, when the thermometer is below zero, there is no danger from snakes; bring them to the fire, however, and life and enmity will soon appear. It is like fire smoldering under a heap of ashes—that is, carnal enmity; stir it up, and it shows red life sufficient to kindle a conflagration that many waters could not quench.—*Earnest Christianity*.

THE CHRISTIAN'S PEACE.—"The work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect thereof quietness and assurance forever."—*Isaiah xxxiii, 17*.

You can not touch the deep foundations of the Christian's peace. When the winds are up and raving loudly, you see the trees torn up by the roots, the waves of the sea boiling, and ships dashed to pieces upon their surges. You are, perhaps, inclined to say, How tempestuous it must be a thousand fathoms down! Ah! the winds have never reached those waves—there all is peace. There is a large mass of waters the wind can not reach—it is all on the surface. And so let wealth depart, let political influence decline, death come—let all the winds from hell be unloosed—you can not touch the deep foundations of the Christian's peace. You have only seen the surface; in the deep within all is peace, peace.—*Dr. Beaumont*.

THE CROWN OF THORNS.—"And when they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it upon his head."—*Matthew xxvii, 29*.

Those who have seen them tell us that the thorns of Judea are much larger and much stronger than those of our own country. Does not this impress our minds with a fuller idea of the intensity of Christ's sufferings? The crown of thorns affords the Christian much instructive matter for contemplation. Throughout Scripture, thorns are symbolical of the corruption of the human heart. Our sins were all left at the Savior's door, and he was crowned with thorns, to teach us that we can alone be delivered from the awful penalty due to our transgressions in consequence of our sins being heaped upon him. He wore the crown of thorns upon his head, to take the thorns of natural corruption out of our hearts—"He bare the sins of many," that by his stripes we might be healed—"He was made a curse for us, that he might redeem us from the curse"—"He was a man of sorrows," that those who believe in him should become heirs of joy. It was the custom at Rome to bring criminals to the top of the Tarpeian rock, and to hurl them down headlong: thus does Divine justice bring sin to the summit of the Rock of ages, and then cast it down into the abyss of infinity!—*Dr. Hovey*.

THE SAND ON THE MOUNTAIN.—While the sand is lying on the mountain-side, it is a vile and refuse thing, trodden under foot of man and beast. It is carried to the laboratory, submitted to the fire of the furnace, molded into form, polished by the hand of the workman, and becomes a noble mirror, the most splendid ornament in the palaces of kings. Thus it is with the sinner—God raises him from the rubbish of the fall, vitrifies him by the power of his word, polishes him by the graces of his Spirit, and places him in the zenith of glory, the noblest mirror, in which are reflected all the perfections of God.

Editorial Disquisition.

PHYSICAL CAUSE OF THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

DR. STROUD, an eminent English physician, has published a treatise upon the physical cause of the death of Christ. The work is full of interest as to its matter, and especially valuable for its physiological details. To use his own language, he proposes first "to demonstrate an important physical fact connected with the death of Christ," and, secondly, "to point out its relation to the principles and practice of Christianity." When we read the work some years since, then newly from the press, it struck us as embodying important facts in relation to the death of Christ, and also as elucidating points that had been not very clearly defined. Under this impression our views of the work were then given *in extenso* through another medium.^c In the present article we propose to discuss, in a popular form, one single principle in relation to the death of Christ; namely, its *physical cause*.

In the very prime and vigor of life, and in the full possession of all his faculties, the Savior entered upon the scene of his last sufferings. The last supper, the departure of Judas, the discourse of the Savior, the agony of the garden—are so many striking acts in the drama. His mortal agony upon the cross was of six hours' duration. The Divine presence, restored to him after his agony in the garden, was again withdrawn upon the cross, and the anguish of his spirit led him to exclaim, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" His death was sudden. Nor was his strength exhausted, for he had just cried with a "loud voice." The centurion could hardly believe that he had so soon died; and yet the fact was so evident that his legs were not broken, as were those of the two thieves. But a soldier pierced his side with a spear, whereupon, says St. John, who was an eyewitness, "immediately there came forth blood and water." Here was evidently a combination of mental and physical causes attendant upon, if not producing, his death.

Having assumed, then, the death of Christ upon the cross, the question arises, whether his death was superinduced by the agony and exhaustion of crucifixion. In order to the determination of this question, a brief inquiry into that mode of punishment and its effects will be necessary.

Crucifixion, as a mode of punishment, prevailed among many nations from the remotest antiquity. The first instance of it on record, probably, is that of the chief baker of Pharaoh, who, Josephus says, was crucified; which by no means contradicts our authorized English version of the Bible, which says simply that he was "hanged," the two words being interchangeable in the Scriptures. The Greeks and Romans were accustomed to inflict this punishment upon criminals, especially upon slaves. It was not, as many have supposed, a Jewish mode of execution. The only instances of crucifixion allowed among them was that of the dead bodies of those who had been stoned for blasphemy; hence it was that the "nailing to the tree" was regarded by them as so peculiarly "accursed." And even in that case the Mosaic law required that the body should be taken down before sunset of the day on which the criminal had been slain. The instigators of the death of Christ were indeed Jews, but he was

condemned by a Roman tribunal, and executed by a Roman law. His death was, therefore, most ignominious. Under sentence for alleged sedition against Cæsar, he suffered the death the Romans were accustomed to inflict upon their slaves and the vilest of malefactors; and then, also, being "nailed to the tree," in the eyes of the Jews he suffered the most execrable of deaths—the punishment for blasphemy.

By the Emperor Constantine, punishment by crucifixion was abolished throughout the Roman empire, because he deemed it indecent and irreligious to punish upon the cross the vilest criminals, while at the same time it was used to symbolize that religion which was the hope of the world. From that time forward, a period of fifteen centuries, crucifixion has been rarely witnessed in Europe; and the prevalent ideas of it were derived from painters, poets, or devotional writers, who followed imagination or tradition rather than the evidence of facts. For correct notions upon this subject, the Christian world is greatly indebted to Salmasius and Lipsius, two eminent scholars of the seventeenth century, who, with great industry and perseverance, collected and brought together the authentic records of antiquity upon the subject. From their researches, we learn that the cross consisted, in addition to the upright and transverse bars, of a short bar projecting from the upright post, on which the crucified person was seated. "The structure of the cross," says Irenæus, "has five ends or summits, two in length, two in breadth, and one in the middle, on which the crucified person rests." Justin Martyr also speaks of the "end projecting from the middle like a horn, on which crucified persons are seated." Tertullian, a still later authority, speaks of the "projecting bar which serves as a seat." This important part of the cross has been almost entirely overlooked, and the crucified individual described as having his whole weight suspended on the nails which pierced his hands and his feet.

The process of crucifixion is thus described: "The criminal condemned to this dreadful mode of death, having first been scourged, was compelled to carry the cross to the place of execution—a circumstance which implies that the scourging was not excessively severe; and that the dimensions of the gibbet did not much exceed those of the human body. On arriving at the spot he was stripped of his clothes, and, after a cup of wine—sometimes medicated, with a view to impart firmness, or to alleviate pain—was speedily nailed to the cross, either before or after its erection. In either case he was made to sit astride on the middle bar; and his limbs, having been extended and bound with cords, were finally secured by large iron spikes driven through their extremities, the hands to the transverse beam, and the feet to the upright post."

In this condition, intense and generally protracted suffering was endured, before death came to the relief of the victim. Indeed, crucifixion was a very lingering punishment, producing death generally by the slow process of nervous irritation and exhaustion. The duration of its agonies would, of course, be more or less protracted according to the age, sex, constitution of the individual, and other circumstances connected with the case. "In many cases death was partly induced by hunger and

* Methodist Quarterly Review, April, 1849.

thirst, the vicissitudes of heat and cold, or the attack of ravenous birds and beasts; and in others, was designedly accelerated by burning, stoning, suffocation, breaking the bones, or piercing the vital organs." Instances have occurred in which individuals, after being for some time upon the cross, were taken down, and, by careful medical treatment, restored to health. The usual duration of life under the torture inflicted by crucifixion may be set down as from two to three days; and cases are on record where life was protracted to five, and even nine days.

Jacobus Bosius, in his "*Crux Triumphans et Gloriosa*," says that Victor, Bishop of Amiterna, though crucified with his head downward, survived two days. He also gives an account of a married pair, crucified in the Diocletian persecution in 296, who hung alive upon the cross nine days and nights, mutually exhorting and encouraging each other, and both expiring on the tenth day. In the year 297, under the Emperor Maximian, seven individuals, after being subjected to protracted and cruel tortures, were crucified at Samosata. Of these "Hipparcus," a venerable old man, "died on the cross in a short time. James, Romanus, and Lollianus expired the next day, being stabbed by the soldiers while they hung on their crosses. Philotheus, Habibus, and Paragrus were taken down from their crosses while they were still living. The emperor, being informed that they were yet alive, commanded that huge nails be driven into their heads, and by them they were at length dispatched." These are horrible details, but they give us light upon the real nature of crucifixion, and the amount of suffering, as well as the length of time it was endured before death came to the relief of the unhappy victim.

The following instances are of modern date, and have been selected from a number of cases fully authenticated. Captain Clapperton, writing in 1824, says, "The capital punishments inflicted in Soudan, are beheading, impaling, and crucifixion; the first being reserved for Mohammedans, and the other two practiced on Pagans. I was told, as a matter of curiosity, that wretches on the cross generally linger three days before death puts an end to their sufferings." The Rev. Mr. Ellis, when describing the punishments inflicted in Madagascar, says, "In a few cases of great enormity, a sort of crucifixion has been resorted to; and, in addition to this, burning or roasting at a slow fire, kept at some distance from the sufferer, has completed the horrors of this miserable death." Bishop Wiseman gives an account of the execution of a young Mameluke, who was crucified under the walls of Damascus for the murder of his master. His hands, arms, and feet having been nailed to the cross, he remained alive from midday on Friday to the same hour on Sunday, when he died. From these instances it will be perceived that death, by crucifixion, was a slow process, protracted in ordinary cases to two or three days, and in some instances to many more.

Jesus died within six hours after he was nailed to the cross. We are, therefore, compelled, in view of the facts above developed, to conclude that, in whatever degree the ordinary sufferings of crucifixion contributed to his death, they were not its immediate cause. The bystanders and those engaged in the dreadful tragedy were evidently surprised at the suddenness of his death; and even Pilate, when applied to for his body, "marveled if he were already dead." The fact also that he "cried with a loud voice" at the very moment when life departed, plainly shows that his death could not have been occasioned by exhaustion, as is the case with those who die from cruci-

fixion. Commentators have always felt the force of this, as being "utterly irreconcilable with the idea that life was at its last ebb, from the extinction of vital energy." Matthew Henry says, "Now this was a sign that his life was whole in Him, and nature strong. The voice of dying men is one of the first things that fails. With a panting breath and faltering tongue, a few broken words are hardly spoken, and more hardly heard; but Christ, just before he expired, spoke like one in his full strength." We are compelled, then, to seek elsewhere the cause or causes of his sudden death.

After putting the various theories that have been devised to account for the suddenness of his dissolution, into the crucible of careful analysis, we find that all which require our serious attention are reducible to two; namely, that the Savior, "by an act of his own divine will, yielded up his life;" or that "some mortal lesion of a vital organ of his human frame suddenly supervened, and was the immediate and, so to speak, the physical cause of his death."

The former of these two opinions has probably been most generally received; but on that account we are by no means to remit our examination of phenomena of such transcending importance. The question is, which will best accord with the teachings of the Bible and the physiological facts in the case?

The hypothesis that Christ "yielded up his life," that is, dismissed his spirit from the body by a voluntary act, is probably derived mainly from that remarkable passage in the Gospel of John, where Jesus says of himself, "I lay down my life that I may take it again. No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself." Now, if we collate this passage with those which positively declare that Christ was slain by his enemies, that he died "the death of the cross," "became obedient unto death," that the Jews were his "betrayers and murderers," that they "crucified and slew" him by the hands of wicked men, etc., we shall hardly fail of reaching the conclusion that the meaning of this expression is simply, "that in fulfillment of the divine plan of human redemption, Christ voluntarily submitted to a violent death, which he had it in his power to avoid." How perfectly in accordance with this conclusion is the discourse of the Savior to his disciples in his last journey to Jerusalem, when he took them aside and began to say, "Behold, we go up to Jerusalem, and the Son of man shall be delivered unto the chief priests, and unto the scribes; and they shall condemn him to death, and shall deliver him to the Gentiles; and they shall mock him, and shall scourge him, and shall kill him; and the third day he shall rise again." Christ, then, voluntarily submitted to a violent death; *he was led as a lamb to the slaughter*. This, then, is the sense in which "Christ laid down his life for us." To place this matter beyond a doubt, the same apostle who made this record of Christ's saying, declares that as "Christ laid down his life for us, we ought also to lay down our lives for the brethren;" not, of course, by committing suicide, but by submitting to persecution, and even death, if called to make the sacrifice for the cause of Christ, which sacrifice the apostle Paul often declared himself willing to make. And further, in all the Scriptural allusions to the death of Christ, it is not represented as self-inflicted, but as penal and vicarious.

It has also been argued, that the words employed by St. Matthew, ἀφῆκε τὸ πνεῦμα, rendered, "yielded up the ghost;" and those employed by St. John, παρέδωκε τὸ πνεῦμα, translated, "gave up the ghost," imply a voluntary dis-

mission of his spirit, as the actuating cause of his death. To this it would be sufficient to reply, that the other two evangelists employ the word *ἐκίνησεν*, literally, *died*—rendered, however, in both of them, “gave up the ghost.” But, aside from this fact, there is no force in the argument; for we might draw the same conclusion concerning the patriarchs, because it is also said of them that they “gave up the ghost.” Bishop Pearson, in his “Exposition of the Creed,” employs the following forcible language, having a relation to the point at issue: “Should we imagine Christ to anticipate the time of death, and to subtract his soul from future torments necessary to cause an expiration, we might rationally say that the Jews and Gentiles were guilty of his death, but we could not properly say they slew him. Guilty they must be, because they inflicted those torments which, in time, death must follow; but slay him actually they did not, if his death proceeded from any other cause, and not from the wounds they inflicted.”

That it was in the power of Christ to avoid the death of the cross, had he chosen to give up the object of his mission—the redemption of the world—is perfectly obvious from the fact that he was very God as well as very man. What could all the powers of earth or hell avail against the “legions of angels” he might have summoned to his aid? He says even to Pilate, “Thou wouldst not have had any authority against me had it not been given thee from above.” In all this we see voluntary submission to an inferior power, but nothing more. And it is remarkable that in all the Scriptural allusions to the Savior’s death, although represented as being voluntary, it is never represented as being self-inflicted, but as penal and vicarious.

These arguments, we think, clearly evince one point; namely, that the death of Jesus was voluntary, only in the sense of having willingly submitted himself into the hands of his betrayers and murderers, that the great dispensation of mercy might be revealed and man be redeemed.

But if the shortness of the time he was upon the cross precludes the idea that his death could have resulted from the crucifixion alone; and if we may fairly question the soundness of the doctrine that the Savior released himself from suffering by dismissing his spirit before his physical nature had reached the last point of human endurance, to what are we to attribute his sudden and seemingly premature death? Without employing oracular language, or speaking with dogmatic authority, we say there is good reason to believe that there must have been some immediate and physical cause of his sudden death.

We have already seen that our Savior was undergoing extreme mental as well as bodily agony. After his agony in the garden, in which his soul was exceeding sorrowful, even unto death, he seems to have had a short respite from overwhelming agony. But what can more fully evidence its return upon his soul than the bitter wail that gushed forth from his riven heart? “My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?” This burst of agony immediately preceded his sudden and unexpected death. Now, it is not a little remarkable that the prophecies which speak most plainly of the Savior’s agony upon the cross, and the scorn with which he was treated, connect these events with the very manner of his death. While in the 22d Psalm we have our Savior personified, giving utterance to his sorrows, making complaint that his hands and his feet were pierced, specifying the very lan-

guage with which his foes would tantalize him while upon the cross,* and also the disposition that should actually be made of his garments and his vesture; how closely connected with all is the complaint, “I am poured out like water; my heart is like wax; it is melted in my bowels.” Also in the 69th Psalm, where the Savior is again personified and is giving utterance to his anguish, in close connection with the gall given him for meat and the vinegar for drink it is said, “Reproach hath broken MY HEART;” and if we turn to the evangelist again, we find that it was just after the vinegar had been touched to his lips that he gave up the ghost.†

Again: the Savior is represented as enduring the extreme agony of death; *he trod the wine-press alone*; “he poured out his soul [or, as Michaelis and other distinguished Hebraists render it, *his life’s blood*] unto death.” Then, too, it gives us a more exalted idea of the grandeur of the Savior’s suffering and the completeness with which he bore our sins, to know that he shrunk not from the burden till his humanity, unable longer to endure it, was crushed beneath its load. No other idea, we think, can so fully convey this grand impression as that which has been suggested; namely, that our Savior actually died of a broken heart.

Physiological facts, as well as Scriptural prophecies, figures, and types, all point to this conclusion. Let us look at the physiological question. Two facts here are worthy of our attention, and if we mistake not they strongly corroborate the general idea that the immediate physical cause of the Savior’s death was rupture of the heart. The first is the natural tendency of great grief to produce this result; the second is the phenomenon of the “blood and water,” which can be rationally accounted for on no other supposition.

Let us note, then, the tendency of great sorrow to produce this result; that is, rupture of the heart. Dr. Crichton says that “the general corporeal effect of all the modifications of grief and sorrow is a torpor in every irritable part, especially in the circulating and absorbent system; hence the paleness of the countenance, the coldness of the extremities, the contraction and shrinking of the skin and general surface of the body, the smallness and slowness of the pulse, the want of appetite, the deficiency of muscular force, and the sense of languor which overspreads the whole frame. As the action of the extreme branches of the arterial system is greatly diminished, the heart and aorta, and its larger vessels, and the whole system of the pulmonary artery, become loaded and distended with blood. The painful sense of *fullness* which this occasions gives rise to the common expression, which is in some degree descriptive of what really exists. In sorrow the heart is said to be *full*, and in deep sorrow it is said to be *like to burst*. A sense of oppression and anxiety, a laborious and slow respiration, and the remarkable phenomena of sobbing and sighing, naturally arise from this state of torpor and retarded circulation.”

We have not space now to describe the heart, further than to say it consists of two principal sacs, the right and the left, which lie side by side, and adhere firmly together so as to form a strong middle wall, but have no internal communication. Each of these is subdivided into two connected chambers, termed auricle and ventricle, and the whole heart is inclosed in a loose bag or mem-

* Collate Psalm cxlii, 7, 8, 16-19, with Matthew xxvii, 35, 43, and 49.

† Collate Psalm lxxix, 20, 21, with Matthew xxvii, 48 and 50, and the other evangelists.

brane, called the pericardium. Returning from all parts of the body, except the lungs, blood of nearly a black color, and unfit for the purposes of life, is poured into the right auricle, whence, after a momentary delay, it is transferred to the corresponding ventricle, its reflux being prevented by a membranous valve interposed between them. By the powerful contraction of the ventricle it is transmitted through the pulmonary artery to the lungs, where, by minute subdivision and contact with atmospheric air, with which the lungs are inflated with each breath, it is purified and acquires a bright crimson color. Returning from the lungs by the pulmonary veins, the renovated blood passes into the left auricle, and thence in a similar manner, and at the same time, as on the right side, into the left ventricle, by the contraction of which it is distributed with great force through the aorta to the remaining parts of the body.

Dr. Stroud says that the immediate cause of rupture of the heart is "a sudden and violent contraction of one of the ventricles, usually the left, on the column of blood thrown into it by a similar contraction of the corresponding auricle. Prevented from returning backward by the intervening valve, and not finding a sufficient outlet forward in the connected artery, the blood reacts against the ventricle itself, which is consequently torn open at the point of greatest distension, or least resistance, by the influence of its own reflected force. A quantity of blood is hereby discharged into the pericardium, and, having no means of escape from that capsule, stops the circulation by compressing the heart from without, and induces almost instantaneous death. In young and vigorous subjects, the blood thus collected in the pericardium soon divides into its constituent parts; namely, a pale, watery liquid called serum, and a soft clotted substance of a deep red color, called crassamentum; but except under similar circumstances of extravasation, this distinct separation of the blood is seldom witnessed in the dead body."

The physiological truth developed here has been recognized by all people, and every language has its terms to express it. For, "although the term *broken heart* is not always used literally, it was no doubt originally derived from the literal fact."

From the description we have given of the heart, the reader will at once perceive, that in case of rupture, the contents of the vessel ruptured would be poured into the pericardium, or sac surrounding the heart. Its condition here, and whether it actually separates into the serum and crassamentum, must be ascertained by facts. The reader will perceive the important bearing of these facts on the question now before us; for if this be so we have a natural solution of the phenomena of "blood and water" that flowed from the pierced side of the Redeemer, and one that amply vindicates it alike from the foolish traditions that have been connected with it, and the unfounded cavils that have been heaped upon it.

We can only cull a few from the multitude of facts that are directly to the point. Bonet gives an account of a soldier who died suddenly after long-continued grief. While all the other viscera were healthy, the pericardium was found to contain, not only water, but also much coagulated blood. And this water was only the serum of the blood separated from the coagulated part. Dr. Thurnam mentions a case of rupture of the heart, in which the pericardium was found to contain several ounces of serum and coagulated blood. Dr. Townsend, of New York, mentions the case of an unfortunate female in that

city who "literally and truly died of a broken heart, as was found on dissection. . . . The sac of the pericardium was found filled with about ten ounces of coagulated blood, and two of serum." A case is furnished by Dr. Williams, of Southampton, in which an individual, after suffering ten years of great despondency of mind, died also of a *broken heart*. In the *post-mortem* examination, the pericardium being penetrated by the knife, "a pint at least of transparent serum issued out, leaving the crassamentum firmly attached to the anterior surface of the heart." At the coroner's inquest on the body of James Brown, who died suddenly of rupture of the heart in Manchester, in 1834, the surgeon who performed the *post-mortem* examination stated that "the pericardium contained about a quart of blood and water." A large number of cases like the above are found in the medical journals, but these are sufficient for our purpose.

We must now note another fact, and that is that the separation of blood into serum and crassamentum seldom if ever takes place so long as it remains in its natural vessels. This conclusion is based upon the statements of Mr. Paget, after an examination of one hundred and sixty-four cases; and of Dr. John Davy, who furnished a tabular statement of thirty-five cases of *post-mortem* examination, made in the general hospital of Fort Pitt, Chatham, from January to September, 1838—in only one of which the phenomena of "transparent serum" was discovered; and also upon the general observation of surgeons. Two conditions, then, only seem to admit of the transformation of the blood into its solid and fluid constituent parts. The first is when the heart and the vessels are radically affected in their conformation, as in cases of aneurismatic enlargement, etc. The second, and more general case, is when by rupture or lesion the blood is poured out of its natural receptacles; then it seems very generally to be speedily changed into serum and crassamentum, or, to use popular language, into *blood and water*.

In the case of our Savior we can not suppose, for a moment, that any disease of the heart, or of any of the vital organs, existed. The only possible physiological solution of the issue of blood and water from the wound made by the soldier's spear, is that rupture of the heart had taken place; and this would be a full and satisfactory physiological solution of the phenomenon. For, as we have already seen, if a rupture of the heart had taken place, the blood would naturally be emptied into the pericardium, and there its separation in "blood and water," or serum and crassamentum, would take place. Then if the pericardium was pierced, "blood and water" would literally flow from the wound.

Now, let us apply these facts and reasonings to the phenomena connected with the sufferings and death of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The sufferings here experienced by Christ, in his mortal agony, were less bodily than mental—his soul was exceeding sorrowful—nor were they inflicted either by men or devils; but he then received "the cup which the Father had given him," and then was fulfilled the declaration, "It pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief." The agony upon the cross was identical in nature with that in the garden, only more intense, and longer protracted. This is evident from the affecting exclamation, "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me!" The first agony lasted one hour, and terminated with the bloody sweat; the other lasted three hours, and terminated his mortal life. The suddenness, as well as

all the circumstances under which that life was terminated, abundantly show that his death was the result, not of exhaustion, but of some latent and destructive agency. The bloody sweat was a natural premonition, and precursor of that more mortal result—the breaking of the heart. Dr. Stroud thus reasons upon this point: "The death of Christ can not be ascribed to the ordinary sufferings of crucifixion, because, far from destroying life in six hours, they often allowed it to be protracted to three or four days; nor to miraculous interposition, because he was slain by his enemies, and died the death of the cross; nor to original feebleness of constitution, because, as the priest and victim of an atoning sacrifice, he was perfect in body and mind; nor to temporary weakness, resulting from his recent agony, because his strength was sustained by angelic agency. That his mental sufferings were, on the contrary, adequate to the effect, is evident from their influence in Gethsemane, where, had he not received supernatural aid, they would apparently have proved fatal without the addition of any others; and if in a lower degree they excited palpitatio of the heart so violent as to occasion bloody sweat, it is equally evident that, when aggravated and longer continued, they were capable of producing rupture of the heart. That the sufferings endured in both instances, arose from a sense of the Divine malediction, is proved by his referring them in both to the immediate hand of God, by his allusion in the garden to the cup given him by his heavenly Father, and to the ancient prophecy, 'I will smite the shepherd, and the sheep of the flock will be scattered,' and by his final exclamation on the cross, 'My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me!'" It would seem, from these views, that the conclusion that the immediate physical cause of the Savior's death was the rupture of his heart, is not only warranted, but absolutely demanded by the phenomena attendant upon his death.

The quantity of blood and water must have been considerable, to have attracted such distinct notice, and thus been made a distinct matter of record. And this, we find, accords with the observation of physicians in cases of severe rupture and sudden death. Mr. Watson mentions a case in which the rupture was nearly three-fourths of an inch in length, and where a quantity of coagulum and serum was found in the pericardium, amounting to about five pounds. In the case of Sir David Barry, who died suddenly, the quantity of serum and clotted blood

amounted "to full five pints." This, then, only tends to confirm the general view we have taken of the subject.

Another question arises here—had sufficient time elapsed after the death of our Savior for this separation of the blood to take place? The death of our Savior occurred about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. In less than three hours from this time, that is, before the evening sacrifice, at 6 o'clock, the bodies were taken down from the cross, according to the Jewish law. When the soldiers came to discharge this duty, the thieves were evidently still alive, and were, therefore, dispatched by breaking their legs, according to the Roman custom; "but on coming to Christ, as they perceived that he was already dead, they did not break his legs: one of the soldiers, however, pierced his side with a spear, and immediately there came forth blood and water." Now, here had elapsed a period of nearly three hours, while Hewson, Paget, and other eminent physicians assure us that "the process of separation will often commence in a very few minutes after death, and the complete separation of the serum and crassamentum will occur in an hour."

We have now dwelt upon the phenomena connected with the death of Christ as fully as our limited space would admit. These phenomena, we think, can be harmonized with the facts and the Scripture on no other hypothesis so well as that we have suggested; namely, that the immediate physical cause of the death of Christ was a broken heart, produced mainly, at least, by the agony of his soul.

To us there is something grand and impressive in the idea that our Savior actually suffered to the extreme point his humanity could endure. The Lord hath laid upon him the iniquity of us all, and so fearful was the burden of that iniquity, that not only was his soul agonized, but humanity was crushed beneath its intolerable weight. Well may we tremble to think what our condition would have been had the full weight of our own iniquities rested upon us. Here, then, is absolute demonstration that the sacrifice of Christ was not a mere show—a mere form for effect, but a real vicarious sacrifice; and if a real vicarious sacrifice, then is the atonement real. He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; His soul was made an offering for sin; He bore our sins in his own body upon the tree; and we are truly redeemed by his precious blood.

Items, Literary, Scientific, and Religious.

IS ITALY WAKING UP?—A work is now going on, sanctioned by the Neapolitan government in 1852, as important in some respects as the drainage of the Lake of Haarlem. About half way between Rome and Naples, in a basin of the Appenines, lies a large expanse of water, known as Lake Fucino. The soil around it is extremely fertile, but liable to be flooded—the differences of level varying, according to season, from twenty to forty feet. Besides swamp and drowned land, there are the ruins of three ancient cities somewhere beneath the waves; and antiquaries, not less than agriculturists, are watching for the result of the scheme for the drainage of the lake. The works are taken in hand by a company who are to have them completed in eight years, when 33,000 acres

of the most fertile land in Italy will be laid dry, and the whole of a large district ameliorated. The undertaking was first talked about in the days of Julius Cæsar; next Claudius attempted it, and employed 30,000 men for eleven years in driving a tunnel through the mountains, which answered its purpose for a time, but subsequently became choked by neglect. This tunnel is now to be greatly enlarged, and provided with sluices to regulate the flow of the water.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES OF FRANCE.—The French Minister of Public Instruction has issued a work on the public libraries of France and Algiers, from which it appears that, excluding Paris, there are in all the libraries 8,733,439 printed works, and 44,070 manuscripts. Bordeaux has

123,000; Lyons, 130,000; Rouen, 110,000; Strasbourg, 180,000; Troyes, 100,000; Avignon, 60,000; Dijon, 80,000; Versailles, 56,000; Tours, 57,500; Grenoble, 80,000; Marseilles, 51,000; Nantes, 45,000; Amiens, 53,000; Toulouse, 50,000. In 1852-3 there were expended for all these libraries 407,781 francs, of which sum only 184,227 francs were for the purchase of books and binding. There are 338 public libraries.

CHRISTIAN CHARACTER OF STUDENTS IN COLLEGES.—The Society of Inquiry, of Amherst College, Massachusetts, thus classifies the students in the various colleges enumerated below:

| COLLEGE. | Students. | Professing religion. | Preparing for ministry. |
|--------------------------------|-----------|----------------------|-------------------------|
| Bowdoin, Me..... | 170 | 52 | 26 |
| Middlebury, Vt..... | 80 | 34 | 25 |
| University of Vermont..... | 100 | 24 | 12 |
| Amherst, Mass..... | 231 | 156 | 101 |
| Harvard, Mass..... | 340 | 38 | 8 |
| Williams, Mass..... | 231 | 110 | 52 |
| Brown University, R. I..... | 252 | 73 | 45 |
| Yale, Conn..... | 450 | 152 | 45 |
| Trinity, Conn..... | 97 | 45 | 25 |
| Wesleyan University, Conn..... | 123 | 92 | 41 |
| Genesee, N. Y..... | 49 | 35 | 8 |
| Madison University, N. Y..... | 143 | 147 | 147 |
| Union, N. Y..... | 227 | 74 | 46 |
| Marietta, O..... | 62 | 32 | 10 |
| Total..... | 2,558 | 910 | 546 |

The total number mentioned as preparing for missionary work is 40. The number of conversions during the year is 45.

BUSINESS OF THE NEW YORK BOOK CONCERN.—The sales of books for the year 1854 amounted to \$295,298.85; periodicals, \$96,956.19; total, \$392,255.04. Being an increase of \$48,050.11 upon the sales of 1853, and of nearly \$130,000 upon the sales of 1852. The business of the Concern is rapidly outgrowing the capacity of the building; additional accommodations must soon be provided. The tract enterprise, to a large extent, deserves the credit for the increased sale of books. This new organization has infused new life into our great publishing establishment, and is rapidly modifying its character, and adapting it to the exigencies of this stirring age.

DENOMINATIONAL WEALTH.—The number of the principal religious denominations in the United States is 20. The whole number of edifices of worship is about 36,000, capable of accommodating 14,000,000 of people. The total value of Church property is \$86,416,639. The average value of each church and its appurtenances is \$2,400. The most numerous denomination is the Methodist. The Baptist comes second, Presbyterian third, Congregationalist fourth, Episcopalian fifth, Roman Catholic sixth. The property of the Methodists is estimated at \$14,636,671; that of the Presbyterians at \$14,369,890; Episcopalians, \$11,261,970; Baptists, \$10,931,382; Roman Catholics, \$8,973,838; Congregationalists, \$7,973,962.

MINISTRY OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—The number of members and probationers in the Methodist Episcopal Church, at the close of 1854, was 783,358. The number of effective traveling preachers was 4,814. These figures show that the Church has an average of one effective traveling preacher to every 163 members. Besides this goodly array of itinerant ministers, however, we have a body of local preachers numbering 6,189. Not a few of them constantly supply appointments of considerable importance, and nearly all of them, it may

be safely presumed, do more or less valuable service. Add them to the effective traveling ministry, and we have an aggregate of 10,963 preachers to preach the Gospel to our 783,358 communicants. Average these numbers, and it appears that we have one minister to about every seventy-one members of our Church. The Minutes for 1854 show that 579 preachers were admitted on trial in the annual conferences last year. The number of deaths and locations amounted to 130, leaving a net increase of 449. Comparing this with the increase in the membership, which was 30,732, we find that for every 68 persons added to the Church, one new preacher was added to the traveling ministry. The ratio of increase in the membership was 4 per cent; in the ministry it was about 10 per cent.

HERVEY, THE POET.—J. K. Hervey, of England, recently deceased, was possessed of poetical talents altogether above mediocrity. His poem, entitled "To One Departed," in ten four-line stanzas, is exquisite in its conception and versification. We give three verses:

"I know thou art gone to the home of thy rest;
Then why should my soul be so sad?

I know thou art gone where the weary are blest,
And the mourner looks up and is glad;

Where Love has put off in the land of its birth
The stains it had gathered in this;

And Hope, the sweet singer that gladdened the earth,
Lies asleep on the bosom of Bliss.

In the hush of the night, on the waste of the sea,
Or alone with the breeze on the hill,

I have ever a presence that whispers of thee,
And my spirit lies down and is still."

Beautiful, indeed, to our view, is the conception in the two lines:

"And Hope, the sweet singer that gladdened the earth,
Lies asleep on the bosom of Bliss."

Can any professor of English literature furnish us with any thing more exquisite?

MONTGOMERY AND SOUTHEY.—A life of James Montgomery, the poet, has appeared in England from the pens of Revs. J. Holland and James Everett. It is spoken of as finely gotten up. Mr. Montgomery was born at Irvine, a seaport of Ayrshire, Eng., November 4, 1771, and died in 1854. His father was a preacher of the United Brethren or Moravian connection, and, in company with his wife, left England in the year 1783, when James was only twelve years old, for the West India Moravian missions. Mrs. Montgomery died in the year 1790, and her husband in June, 1791; but young James never saw either of them after bidding them farewell in 1783. Mr. Montgomery never married, but for what reason we can not say. He amassed in his long life a fortune by his own individual exertions, amounting to about \$45,000. Robert Southey and the poet Montgomery were intimate friends, and the latter part of the second volume of his life has several letters of decided interest from Southey's pen. In early life Southey was a Deist, but subsequently became a Socinian. He was peculiarly a domestic man. This passage concludes one of his letters: "The keenest sorrow which I ever endured was for the loss of an only child twelve months old. Since that event I have had five children, most of whom have been taken from me. Of all sorrows these are the most poignant; but I am the better for them, and never pour out my soul in prayer without acknowledging that these dispensations have drawn me nearer to God."

THE MORAVIANS AND THEIR OPERATIONS.—It was in the year 1731 that Dober and Neitschman, Moravian missionaries, embarked for Germany to preach Christ to the poor negroes of St. Thomas's, while Stach and Bornisch set out for the icebergs of Greenland. According to their last report, they have at present 69 missionary stations in 13 different countries. On these stations there are 297 missionaries, male and female, and 70,612 heathens, either converted or under the religious instruction of the missionaries. These stations are thus distributed: Greenland, 4 stations, 24 missionaries, 2,101 hearers; Labrador, 4 stations, 29 missionaries, 1,390 hearers; North America, 5 stations, 15 missionaries, 491 hearers; Danish India, 8 stations, 27 missionaries, 10,224 hearers; Jamaica, 13 stations, 34 missionaries, 12,800 hearers; Antigua, 7 stations, 22 missionaries, 8,008 hearers; St. Kitt's, 4 stations, 10 missionaries, 3,743 hearers; Barbadoes, 4 stations, 10 missionaries, 3,620 hearers; Tobago, 2 stations, 6 missionaries, 2,128 hearers; Mosquito Coast, 1 station, 6 missionaries, 53 hearers; Surinam, 8 stations, 55 missionaries, 19,519 hearers; South Africa, 8 stations, 54 missionaries, 6,595 hearers. All these stations were founded successively, from 1733 to 1853; that is to say, in a space of 120 years, during which this little Moravian Church has never allowed the missionary spirit to abate within her. The last station was established in 1853 among the Chinese of Mongolia; two missionaries set apart for this work are now staying on the Himalaya Mountains, with other of their brethren, so as to learn the language of the country. A large number of these 69 stations completely defray their own expenses, either by the labors of the missionaries, or by the contributions of the new Churches themselves. This immense machinery, it will be seen, is kept in motion with an expenditure of 9,000 thalers a year. It is not this world's riches that accomplishes these labors; the love of Jesus Christ suffices to inspire them.

DIFFERENT DAYS FOR WORSHIP.—By different nations, every day in the week is set apart for public worship; namely, Sunday by the Christians, Monday by the Grecians, Tuesday by the Persians, Wednesday by the Assyrians, Thursday by the Egyptians, Friday by the Turks, and Saturday by the Jews.

PERPETUAL SNOW IN THE ALPS.—The height of perpetual snow in the regions of the Alps, as deduced by observations made by M. Roret in the years 1851, 1853, and 1854, is thirty-four hundred meters, or seven hundred meters above the height stated in many works on physics and meteorology. A meter is thirty-nine and thirty-seven-hundredths inches, and thirty-four hundred meters make about ten thousand, five hundred feet.

TOMBS OF THE BRITISH POETS.—The burial-places of the most celebrated British poets are these: Chaucer, at Westminster Abbey; where also are the remains of Spenser, Cowley, Beaumont, Drayton, Dryden, Rowe, Addison, Prior, Congreve, Gay, Dr. Johnson, Sheridan, and Campbell. Shakespeare, it is well known, was buried at Stratford-upon-Avon; Shirley, at St. Giles's-in-the-Fields; Marlowe, at the Church of St. Paul, Deptford; Massinger and Fletcher, at St. Saviour's, Southwark; Dr. Donne, at Old St. Paul's; Edmund Waller, at Beaconsfield; Milton, in the church-yard of St. Giles, Cripplegate; Butler, at St. Paul's, Covent Garden; Pope, in Twickenham church-yard; Swift, in St. Patrick's, Dublin; Savage, at St. Peter's, Bristol; Parnell, at Chester; Dr. Young, at Welwyn, Herts; Thomson, at Richmond, Surrey; Gray, at

Stoke Pogis; Collins, at St. Andrew's Church, at Chichester; Goldsmith, in the church-yard of the Temple Church; Churchill, in the church-yard of St. Martin's, Dover; Kirke White, at All-Saints, Cambridge; Cowper, at Dereham; Chatterton, in a church-yard belonging to St. Andrew's, Holborn; Burns, at St. Michael's, Dumfries; Byron, in the church-yard of Hucknall, near Newstead; Crabbe, at Trowbridge; Coleridge, in the church at Highgate; Sir Walter Scott, at Dryburg Abbey; Southey, in Crossthwaite church, in Keswick; and Shelly and Keats, side by side, near the tomb of Cestius, at Rome.

PULSE-RECORDING MACHINE.—A German professor by the name of Bierordt, and residing at Frankfort, has recently invented a machine to record the beatings of the human pulse. The arm of the patient is placed in a longitudinal cradle, and screwed down sufficiently to keep it steady. A small erection on one side holds a sort of lever worked on a hinge, at the end of which a pencil is inserted, the point of which has been dipped in Indian ink. This goes into a cylinder upon which paper has been stretched. The lever rests upon the pulse, and at every movement records the action upon the paper. If the pulse is steady a regular zigzag line is drawn on the paper; but in cases where the pulse is rapid and jerking, the line goes up and down, making long and uneven marks.

JAPANESE INTELLIGENCE.—In a recent sitting of the Natural History Society of Bonn, M. Von Siebold, an eminent naturalist, read an interesting paper "on the state of the natural sciences among the Japanese." Their knowledge of these sciences is much more extensive and profound than is supposed in Western Europe. They possess a great many learned treatises thereupon, and an admirable geological map of their island by Buntsjo. They are well acquainted with the systems of European naturalists, and have translations of the more important of their works. They have a botanical dictionary, in which an account is given of not fewer than 5,900 objects, and it is embellished with a vast number of well-executed engravings. The flora of Japan is described in a work by the imperial physician Pasuragawa.

LIGHT UNDER WATER.—Want of light, often a detriment to diving operations, is now likely to be remedied by a happy application of the electric light. The apparatus, for use under water, consists of a glass cylinder, fitted with a lens emitting parallel rays, and inside with the requisite appliances; the whole hermetically closed, and of sufficient strength to bear the pressure at a depth of two hundred feet. It is not heavy, and can be easily carried in the hand from place to place, without disturbing its connection by wires with the battery. When it is to be lighted, the diver turns a fine screw, which brings the coke points near each other; they immediately become incandescent, and give out for two hours a steady light, powerful enough to illuminate a circle of forty feet radius. One of the public baths on the Seine, France, is illuminated by a light fixed thirty feet above the water, in connection with Deleuil's apparatus—a Fresnel lens; and the effect is such, that a swimmer can be seen ten feet below the surface.

THE NEW YORK PRESS.—Of 119 newspapers published in New York city, only 24, or one-fifth, are professedly religious; while of the remainder, 7 desecrate the Sabbath by appearing on that day, 7 are the organs of German infidelity and Rationalism, and 3 of Popery. Of 94 periodicals and magazines issued, only 26 are religious.

Literary Notices.

NEW BOOKS.

HARPER'S STATISTICAL GAZETTEER. *New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. Royal 8vo. Pp. 1,952.*—We have not space to notice this magnificent work as we could wish. A Gazetteer is indispensable in every family library; and this is unquestionably the most complete and authentic work of the kind to be had in the country. The Harpers are beginning to develop their old energy. Success to them. For sale by H. W. Derby, Cincinnati.

ORATORS AND STATESMEN. *By D. A. Harsha. New York: Charles Scribner. 1855. 8vo. 517 pp.*—This work contains sketches of the lives, specimens of the eloquence, and estimates of the genius of Demosthenes, Cicero, Chatham, Burke, Grattan, Fox, Erskine, Curran, Sheridan, Pitt, Canning, Brougham, Henry, Ames, Clay, Calhoun, Webster, and Everett. Mr. Harsha is quite appreciative of his subjects; but having selected such subjects as are found in his noble list, how could he be otherwise? Adulation becomes a virtue; panegyric a necessity. In reading these sketches, one would be impressed with the effort of the author to find terms that might fitly express the merit of his oratoric heroes. Yet the sketches are life-pictures, drawn with much discrimination and life; and the interspersing of illustrative anecdotes and specimens of eloquence is admirably done. On the whole, the volume is one of rare interest. Moore, Wiltach & Co., Cincinnati.

THE HARF OF DAVID is a charming little miniature volume, from the prolific pen of Rev. Daniel Wise; a most appropriate "present to my Christian friend." For sale in the Methodist bookstores generally.

THE MIND OF JESUS is an excellent production by the author of "Morning and Night Watches." The series produced by this anonymous author ranks among the choicest sentimental and instructive religious productions of the age. They are republished by Carter & Brothers, of New York; and on sale by Moore, Wiltach & Co., Cincinnati.

PRACTICAL LANDSCAPE GARDENING, with reference to the *Improvement of Rural Residences, giving the General Principles of the Art; with full directions for planting shade-trees, shrubbery, and flowers, and laying out grounds.*—The above is the full title of a work issued in splendid style from the press of Moore, Wiltach & Co., of Cincinnati. Its author—Mr. G. M. Kern—is a practical gardener of high scientific acquirements, so far as relates to his peculiar department, and also of much experience. We thank God that the love of the beautiful in nature is so rapidly developing among us; and that shade and fruit-trees, as well as shrubbery and flowers, are beginning to be considered as things indispensable to a country home. The excellent manual before us will not only promote a fuller development of that feeling, but will be an indispensable guide to the attainment of the object. It should be in the hands of every intelligent farmer in the country.

In quite a sturdy square 16mo., the Harpers have issued Volume I of their new series of story-books. It embraces a series of narratives, dialogues, biographies, and tales for the instruction and treatment of the young. This volume contains: "Bruno, or Lessons of Fidelity,

Patience, and Self-Denial taught by a Dog;" "Willie and the Mortgage, showing how much may be accomplished by a boy;" and "The Strait Gate, or the Rule of Exclusion from Heaven." The work is finely got up and illustrated. It is worthy of an immense circulation, and we think will hardly fail to attain it. For sale by H. W. Derby, Cincinnati.

THE FOOTSTEPS OF ST. PAUL. *By the Author of "Morning and Night Watches."* *New York: Carter & Brothers. Cincinnati: Moore, Wiltach & Co. 1855. 12mo. 416 pp.*—The Christian will find food for the soul, and the Bible student instruction in this volume. It is no mean compliment to say, that the author has added fresh interest to this well-worn subject. Though much had been said before, he proves that something was still left for him to say.

THE MINISTER'S FAMILY. *By Rev. W. M. Hetherington, LL. D. New York: Carter & Brothers. 1855. 12mo. 304*

PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE TWENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH makes an octavo pamphlet of one hundred and eighty-eight pages. Receipts for the year 1854, \$277,077.23; disbursements, \$241,794.06. The missions shared in the disbursements as follows: the African, \$37,000; foreign German, \$23,000; Oregon and California, \$3,776; China, \$8,000; New Mexico, \$1,000; Buenos Ayres, \$2,300; home work, including missions to the foreign population, \$143,800. In the domestic work there are 600 missionaries and 54,218 members; in the Indian, 10 missionaries and 871 members; in the missions to seamen, 6 missionaries and 861 members; among the foreign population in this country, 220 missionaries and 13,273 members; in foreign stations, 31 missionaries and 1,995 members. In addition to this, there are 145 local preachers, 35 teachers, 17 assistants, 6 interpreters, and 325 scholars.

THE PROMPTER is the title of a new serial commenced by the enterprising editor of the Sunday School Union, and of which numbers one and three have been received. It is designed to encourage, stimulate, and direct efforts at self-improvement. Success to it!

FROM L. Scott & Co., 79 Fulton-street, New York, we have received:

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW, for February, 1855. Contents: 1. The Continent in 1854. 2. Finlay on the Byzantine Empire. 3. The Vaudois and Religion in Italy. 4. Curiosities of the Census. 5. The Oxford Reform Bill. 6. How to Stop Drunkenness. 7. Old English Songs. 8. Diet and Dress. 9. The Electric Telegraph.

LONDON QUARTERLY, for January, 1855. Contents: 1. Fires and Fire Insurance. 2. Life of Dalton. 3. Pictures of Life and Character. 4. Psychological Inquiries. 5. Clerical Economics. 6. The Open Fireplace. 7. Provident Institutions. 8. Campaign in the Crimea. 9. Corsica. 10. The Conduct of the War.

The above, and also "The Westminster," "The Edinburgh," and "Blackwood," republished by the same house, are for sale by the periodical sellers generally.

We have space only to mention the following pamphlets:

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BENEVOLENT INSTITUTIONS OF THE STATE OF OHIO, for the Year 1854. 8vo. 46 pp. Columbus.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE AMERICAN COLONIZATION SOCIETY. 8vo. 56 pp. Washington, D. C.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE OHIO INSTITUTION FOR THE EDUCATION OF THE BLIND, for the Year 1854. 8vo. 19 pp. Columbus, O.

CATALOGUE OF AMENIA SEMINARY.—Principal, Rev. A.

Hunt, A. M., assisted by 8 teachers. Students—gentlemen, 207; ladies, 148: total, 355.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH. 8vo. 122 pp.

NEW YORK SENATORIAL QUESTION.—Speeches of Hon. C. C. Leigh and others. Albany: Weed, Parsons & Co. 8vo. 62 pp.

DISCOURSE ON ART. By Hon. Horace P. Biddle. Lafayette, La. 8vo. 32 pp.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE NEW YORK OPHTHALMIC HOSPITAL, for 1854. 8vo. Pp. 16.

Notes and Queries.

WHENCE THE SALTNESS OF SEA-WATER?—"Can you tell me, Mr. Editor, why it is that the water of the great oceans and of some seas is salt? and, also, why some lakes are not salt? I have asked sundry individuals, but am in the dark somewhat yet."

Answer.—In his "Physical Geography of the Sea," recently published, Lieutenant Maury has the following: "Rivers which are constantly flowing into the ocean contain salts, varying from ten to fifty, and even one hundred grains per gallon. They are chiefly common salt, sulphate and carbonate of lime, magnesia, soda, potash, and iron; and these are found to constitute the distinguishing characteristics of sea-water. The water which evaporates from the sea is nearly pure, containing but very minute traces of salts. Falling as rain upon the land, it washes the soil, percolates through the rocky layers, and becomes charged with saline substances, which are borne seaward by the returning currents. The ocean, therefore, is the great depository of every thing that water can dissolve, and carry down from the surface of the continents; and as there is no channel for their escape, they, of course, accumulate. Lakes without any outlet, except evaporation, are invariably salt lakes; and it is curious to observe that this condition or saltiness disappears when an artificial outlet is produced for the waters."

A CURIOUS EPITAPH.—This epitaph is said to have been taken from a tombstone in Germany, and was published, some years ago, in the London Times:

O quid tua te
be bis bla abit
ra ra ra
et in
ram ram ram
Mox eris quod ego nunc

A lady correspondent of the New York Observer gives the following solution and translation of it:

SOLUTION.

O superbe, quid superbis? tua superbia, te superabit.
Ter-ra es, et in ter-ram i-bis
Mox eris quod ego nunc.

TRANSLATION.

O man of pride! why dost thou boast?
Thy pride will surely vanquish thee:
For thou art dust—shalt go to dust,
And what I'm now, thou soon shalt be.

The English reader will observe that the word *super* means above, *ter* thrice, and *bis* twice. The *O* is above the word *be*, *quid* above *bis*, *tua* above *bla*, and *te* above *abit*; *ra* is repeated thrice, *ram* thrice, and *i* twice. "O

superbe" signifies, O proud man; "superbis," why do you vaunt or boast; "superbia," pride; and "superabit," will overcome, subdue, or vanquish; "terra" means earth or dust; "in terram," into dust; and "ibis" signifies you will go.

HALCYON DAYS.—WHAT ARE THEY?—The halcyon was the ancient name of the kingfisher, which was falsely said to lay its eggs in the sea during the calm weather, about the winter solstice. Hence came the proverbial expression "halcyon days," denoting the seven days before and as many after the winter solstice, when the weather was calm. Sir Thomas Brown, in his "Vulgar Errors," volume two, page 433, makes the following remark: "All creatures know not only the means, but the times of their preservation; and, therefore, the halcyon, knowing that at winter solstice there is such a calm, chooses that time to hatch his young, as the crows did in 1632, when the mildness of January was such that they, supposing the spring was coming on, did build their nests, and, as I was credibly informed, some did hatch their brood."

BEAVER HATS.—"Can you tell me, Mr. Editor, the origin of the word *beaver* as applied to hats? Is it derived from the animal of the same name, the fur of which is used in the manufacture of them? CRITICUS."

Answer.—Etymologists tell us that *beaver* is derived from the Italian word *bevere*, to drink; and the appellation is said to have had its origin in the practice followed by the knights formerly of converting the helmet into a drinking vessel, when more suitable cups were not at hand. Our English word *beverage* is also said to be from the same Italian root. We will not, however, vouch for the correctness of the views of the etymologists in this case.

QUERY.—"If we pronounce *been* as though it was spelled *bin*, why not pronounce *seen* as though it was spelled *sin*? Please answer, or request some of your literary correspondents to do so." [Will some of our critics relieve us of this job?—EDITOR.]

WINDFALL.—The origin of this term is said to be the following: Some of the nobility of England, by the tenure of their estates, were forbidden felling any of the trees in the forests upon them, the timber being reserved for the use of the royal navy. Such trees as fell without cutting were the property of the occupant. A tornado was, therefore, a perfect godsend, in every sense of the term, to those who had occupancy of extensive forests; and the *windfall* was sometimes of very great value.

Mirror of Apothegm, Wit, Repartee, and Anecdote.

A D. D. UPSET.—When Dr. Beecher was President of Lane Seminary, he had a carriage and a white horse, and could be seen very frequently making his journeys from Walnut Hills to Cincinnati and back again. One dark night, as he was driving home with his wife and daughter—Mrs. H. B. Stowe—in the carriage, the party were upset over a bank about fifteen feet high. They had no sooner extricated themselves from the wreck than Mrs. Beecher and Mrs. Stowe, who were unhurt, returned thanks for their providential escape. "Speak for yourselves," said the Doctor, who was feeling his bruises; "I have had a good many bumps any how."

PARTICULAR AND GENERAL SINS.—James Russell Lowell, who was a short time since elected to a professorship in Harvard University, enjoys a reputation for satire as well as solemnity in verse. Here is a capital hit from him at a certain class of men altogether too abundant in community:

"I'm willin' a man should go tollable strong
Agin wrong in the abstract, for that kind of wrong
Is allers unpoplar an' never gets pited,
Because it's a crime no one ever committed;
But he musn't be hard on partiklar sins,
Cos then he'll be kickin' the people's own shins."

THE BOY WHAT GOD MADE.—An instructor of some extremely ignorant children was desirous that they should make a good appearance before visitors who were expected. She, therefore, placed them in a row, and taught them by rote the answers to a few questions, so assorting them that each one could answer correctly only the interrogatory that was addressed to himself. Time did not admit of any thing more, and she supposed them sufficiently drilled for the occasion. The questions were simple and direct, beginning with "Who made you?" "Of what were you made?" etc.

The company arrived. The class was marshaled. The first question was put, and the reply given at the top of the voice:

"Out of the dust of the earth."

Observing the teacher's disconcerted look, the boy hastened to explain.

"Ma'am! ma'am! I'm the second boy, and was to say, 'Out of the dust of the earth.' The boy what God made an't here. He warn't well, he said, and so run'd home."

GOOD-NIGHT, MOTHER.—Death came for a fair, little one. He struggled with pain, and then grew still. He noticed little that passed around him, and his lisping voice seemed hushed forever. At length, opening his large eyes for the last time, and probably receiving no light, he said, in the sweetest cadence:

"Good-night, mother!"

Once more—when pulsation had ceased, and it would seem as if the pure spirit were gone—there was a faint murmur, scarcely stirring the white lips:

"Mother! mother! good-night."

Will not their next greeting be the "good-morning" of heaven?

TWO MOTHERS IN HEAVEN.—A second mother was introduced to her new home. Earnest desires to fill wisely this responsible station, especially as regarded the one little child committed to her care, inspired her heart,

and gave life to her prayers. He was an intelligent boy, full of thought and love. He drew near to the new friend who sought his welfare, for there was none to sow prejudice in his innocent mind.

She was once speaking to him of that happy world, where the good are gathered. He had been accustomed to hear it mentioned as the home of his departed mother.

"What will we do when we get up there?" said the sweet disciple. "I shall want to be with that ma some, and with you some."

Then musing a moment, he seemed to find a happy thought as a solution of the difficulty, and asked, with a radiant smile:

"Can't we all sit up close together?"

AN ARITHMETICAL OPERATION.—In "Smith's Federal Calculator" an amusing anecdote is given, to the following purport: A first-rate class was undergoing a close examination in mental arithmetic, and in reply to a question concerning the number of men required to perform a certain piece of work in a specified time, the class responded, "Twelve men and two-thirds." But one bright fellow, more discerning than the others, instantly added, "Twelve men and a boy fourteen years old;" fourteen being the two-thirds of twenty-one, the legal age of manhood. A student of decided "parts," that!

A DIFFERENCE.—In ancient days the celebrated precept was, "Know thyself;" in modern times it has been supplanted by the far more fashionable maxim, "Know thy neighbor, and every thing about him."

THE TEACHER STUMPED.—It happened in a school-room one day, while a class of boys and girls were reciting a lesson in arithmetic. It was about their first lesson.

"Five from five leaves how many?" asked the teacher of a little girl of some six years of age.

After a moment's reflection, she answered, "Five."

"How do you make that out?" said the teacher.

Holding her two hands out to him, she said, "Here are five fingers on my right hand, and five on my other. Now, if I take the fingers on my right hand away from the fingers on my left hand, won't five remain?"

The teacher was "stumped," and obliged to "knock under."

MEMORANDA OF AN ACCOMPLISHED YOUNG LADY.—The Buffalo Republic says, "We recently picked up the following memoranda, which we saw dropped by a young lady attired in an embroidered velvet Talma, an exquisite Honiton lace collar, a white hat and plume, and a painfully brilliant silk dress, with exaggerated flounces:

"I must get a—Vail, Broun hoes,
Sarcekneth, Laise,
Gluvs, Shimmyzet,
Kulone."

"We confess we were startled at the last item, but think it means cologne. The whole simply proves that wealth and intellect do not always hunt in couples."

POLITENESS.—An officer in battle happening to bow, a cannon-ball passed over his head, and took off the head of the soldier who stood behind him. "You see that a man never loses by politeness," said he.

Editor's Table.

OTWAY CURRY.—The beautiful tribute to Otway Curry in this number was designed for our April issue, but was not received in time. In the death of Mr. Curry one of the bright literary stars of the west passed away from our horizon. He had been for many years a worthy member of the Methodist Episcopal Church; and his Christian probity, as well as gentlemanly demeanor, won for him the confidence and respect of all who knew him. His dying language was, "I know in whom I have believed." He died at Marysville, O., February 15, 1855, aged fifty-one years. He was a lawyer by profession, had been repeatedly a member of the state Legislature, and was for some time editor of the *Scioto Gazette*, one of the oldest and best-established papers in the state. In former years he has contributed some beautiful poetic gems for the *Ladies' Repository*, as well as several prose articles of sterling value. One of the former may be found on the "Excelsior" page of the October number, for 1848, and another on the "Excelsior" page of the December number for the same year. There are few poems of equal sweetness, depth, and power in the English language. It is so appropriate to this occasion, and will be new to so many of our readers, that we insert the latter:

THE GREAT HEREAFTER.

'Tis sweet to think, when struggling
The goal of life to win,
That just beyond the shores of time
The better years begin.
When through the nameless ages
I cast my longing eyes,
Before me, like a boundless sea,
The Great Hereafter lies.
Along its brimming bosom
Perpetual summer smiles,
And gathers, like a golden robe,
Around the emerald isles.
There in the blue long distance,
By lulling breezes fanned,
I seem to see the flowering groves
Of old Beulah's land.
And far beyond the islands
That gem the waves serene
The image of the cloudless shore
Of holy heaven is seen.
Unto the Great Hereafter—
Aforetime dim and dark—
I freely now and gladly give
Of life the wandering bark.
And in the far-off haven,
When shadowy seas are passed,
By angel hands its quivering sails
Shall all be furled at last.

GHOST STORIES.—Alice Cary closes in this number a series of articles under the above title. A few have, perhaps, been scared from the reading of them by the "ghost" title. All that is very natural. There are some people who are always imagining there are "ghosts" where there are none, and thus get frightened out of their propriety at a shadow. These articles, by the way, we think, are admirably calculated to rectify many foolish errors, and at the same time they inculcate many useful lessons.

VIEW OF BUFFALO.—Buffalo occupies a commanding position in Western New York, and is a place of great commercial importance. It is situated at the mouth of Buffalo creek, upon the shore of Lake Erie, and is connected with the Hudson river and New York city by the Erie canal and the Central railroad. Though laid out by the Holland Land Company as early as 1801, it was a place of little importance till 1825, when the completion of the Erie canal gave it an impulse under which it has grown up to be a city of 75,000 inhabitants, with real and personal estate valued at over \$27,000,000. Its commerce for a lake port is immense—amounting in the year 1853 to nearly \$369,000,000, and the number of arrivals and clearances from the port were no less than 8,298. Between seventy and eighty steamers are owned in the city, and about one hundred and fifty-four sail vessels. The only harbor of which Buffalo can boast is the little creek represented in the foreground, which skirts the southern part of the city, and empties through a confined channel into the Lake. The ground on which the city stands rises gradually to the height of fifty feet above the Lake, and then spreads out into an extended plain. The city is well laid out—the streets for the most part crossing each other at right angles. Main-street is one hundred feet in width, and extends four miles. On the extreme right a train may be seen approaching the depot of the Central railroad; near the western part of the city may be seen the train starting for Niagara Falls; still lower down appears the canal; and in the extreme left we have a view of the Lake shore stretching toward the outlet, which is by the Niagara river.

"THE DEAD ROBIN" introduces us to a domestic scene. The little girl has picked up the dead bird, and, with a heart full of sympathy and sorrow, runs with it to the mother. Her little brother most deeply partakes of her sorrow and sympathy, as his countenance clearly shows. We almost hear the mother exclaim, as she raises her hand, "Poor thing! where did you find it?" Innocence and sympathy are beautiful and inseparable. "Tower"—why is it that we always associate different names with dogs of different appearances?—don't take the matter quite so gravely; he evidently looks upon the whole thing as a rather pleasant "business transaction."

CORRESPONDENTS AND ARTICLES DECLINED.—We are obliged to omit this list for the present month; but our correspondents will hear from us after awhile.

Will the author of the "Soliloquy of a Poor Student" favor us with his address?

EXCERPTA FROM CORRESPONDENCE.—Few of our engravings have spoken more directly to the hearts of thousands than "The Mother's Dream" in the December number of the last volume. Among the many testimonials of its power we have received is the following:

"When the December number of the *Ladies' Repository* came my little daughter was afflicted with a very sore eye. She was pleased with the 'Mother's Dream,' would point and say, 'Poor baby sick; 'Got a sore eye, baby?' 'Mamma's sleep,' etc. But I did not see its true beauty till the 'angel' came and took her; then I felt and could realize what it all meant. I now keep it with her miniature, and look at it as often. It helps me to

believe that she is in heaven, and it is only the beautiful casket that we have laid in the grave."

We are pleased to receive from a literary friend the following notes upon Mrs. Sigourney's writings. They were written before our articles appeared, and strongly corroborate our estimate, and, at the same time, give definite information concerning the nature and objects of several of her works which may be of service to many of our lady readers:

"Though Mrs. Sigourney is undoubtedly a writer from the impulse of genius, yet that element of power, so often allied to ambition or waywardness, has, in her case, been remarkably subjected to the claims of utility, benevolence, and piety. It is interesting to see how her half a hundred volumes have touched almost every grade and condition of human life, especially the routine of duty that devolves upon her own sex.

"In the 'Child's Book,' and some other eight or ten juvenile works, she gives a gentle, guarding hand to the new-born stranger; the 'Girl's Book' and 'Boy's Book' were assistants in the home education of her own children; 'Letters to Young Ladies' unfold the important bearings of life's blossoming season; 'Letters to Pupils' and 'Whispers to a Bride' contemplate still more definite responsibilities; 'Letters to Mothers' reach the climax of womanly duty and happiness; and 'Past Meridian' girds the pilgrim who journeys toward the gates of the west.

"Some fifteen years since, when those elegant illustrated annuals were new and popular favorites, she believed she saw in them a channel for salutary sentiment among the more refined circles of her country, and consented to become the editor of two volumes of the 'Religious Souvenir,' replete with high and hallowed literature—writing herself as many articles, and probably devoting more time and labor, than if all their pages had been filled by her own pen.

"The traveler in foreign climes finds a companion in her 'Pleasant Memories,' and the patriot in 'Scenes of my Native Land;' the 'Voice of Flowers' charms the lover of nature; the 'Weeping Willow' sympathizes with the mourner; 'Water-Drops' flow in the cause of temperance; 'Olive Leaves' wave with the breath of peace; the neglected mariner is remembered in 'Poems for the Sea;' the joyous parent by the cradle side reads her 'Sayings of the Little Ones;' and the weeper at the grave is soothed by her 'Faded Hope.'

"In all her variety of poems, biographies, tales, and miscellanies, more than twenty volumes of which are in active circulation here, as well as on the other side of the ocean, the object is evidently not to shine, but to do good; not to win fame, but to cultivate the affections, and impress those lessons on the heart that fit for Christian duty in this life, and a blessed acceptance in the next."

MISCELLANY.—Dr. Morrison and the Child.—When Dr. Morrison was on his way from England to China, he visited New York, and called on an old friend there. This friend received him gladly, and not having expected him, and a bed not being ready, gave up his own bed to him. Beside this bed was a crib, in which a little girl, the daughter of the Doctor's friend, slept; and she being in bed when the Doctor came, was left undisturbed. Early in the morning the little girl awoke, and, as usual, turned herself round toward her parents' bed; but, to her great surprise and terror, she saw, instead of her own dear mother, a strange man in the bed, with

his eyes fixed upon her. The little girl raised herself up in the crib, and looking the Doctor hard in the face, said, "Man, do you pray?" Dr. Morrison immediately answered, "Yes, my dear child. I pray to God every day of my life; he is my best friend." Satisfied that all was well, since the stranger was a man of prayer, she turned around and fell asleep again. Was not the little girl right in trusting herself near even a strange man who loved and feared God, and prayed to him every day?

A Graceful Compliment.—It was a judicious resolution of a father, as well as a most pleasing compliment to his wife, when, on being asked what he intended to do with his girls, he replied, "I intend to apprentice them all to their excellent mother, that they may learn the art of improving time, and be fitted to become, like her, wives, mothers, and heads of families, and useful members of society."

The Money or the Man; or, the Choice of Themistocles.—The daughter of Themistocles being courted by one of little wit and great wealth, and another of little wealth and great goodness, he chose the poor man for his son-in-law. "For," said he, "I will rather have a man without money, than money without a man, reckoning that not money, but worth makes the man."

STAY GEMS.—The Life Struggle.—Stop not, loiter not, look not backward, if you would be among the foremost! The great *Now*, so quick, so broad, so fleeting, is yours; in an hour it will belong to the eternity of the Past. The temper of Life is to be made good by big, honest blows; stop striking, and you will do nothing; strike feebly, and you will do almost as little. Success rides on every hour; grapple it, and you may win; but without a grapple, it will never go with you. Work is the weapon of honor, and who lacks the weapon will never triumph.—*Reveries of a Bachelor.*

Truth, Charity, Wisdom.—A Christian in all his ways must have three guides—truth, charity, wisdom. Truth, to go before him; charity and wisdom, on either hand. If any of the three be absent, he walks amiss. I have seen some do hurt by following a truth uncharitably; and others, while they would save up an error with love, have failed in their wisdom, and offended against justice. A charitable untruth, and an uncharitable truth, and an unwise managing of truth or love, are all to be carefully avoided of him that would go with a right foot in the narrow way.—*Bishop Hall.*

One Side of the World.—Constant success shows us but one side of the world. For as it surrounds us with friends who tell us only of our merits, so it silences our enemies, from whom we alone can learn our defects.

A Beautiful Thought.—A shepherd lost a sheep with its lamb. He went in pursuit of them. He found them far off in a lonely valley. He tried to drive them home, but was not able. At length he picked up and carried off the lamb, and the mother followed. Thus the Savior brings a mother to himself, by taking away the little child from her bosom.

How We should Live.—So live with men as considering always that God sees thee; so pray to God as if every man heard thee. Do nothing which thou wouldst not have God see done. Desire nothing which may either wrong thy profession to ask, or God's honor to grant.

Begin Early.—It is better to throw a guard about the baby's cradle than to sing a psalm at a bad man's death-bed; better to have care while the bud is bursting to the sun than when the heat has scorched the heart of the unguarded bosom.

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